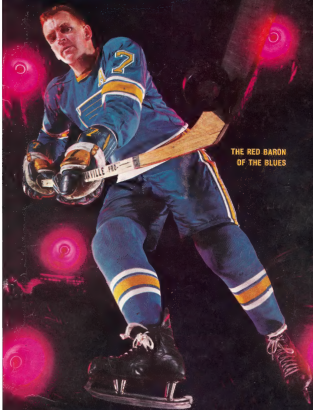


Sports Illustrated

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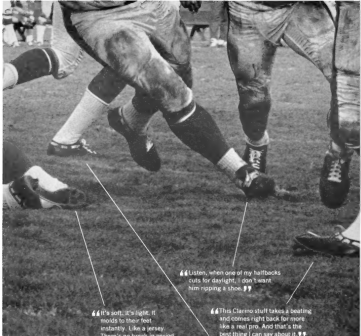
Next week

IT'S A NEW BALL GAME. One hundred years after turning pro, baseball begins the 1969 season with four new teams, two new divisions and, William Leggett reports, new problems. In the annual preview, Harold Penerson turns back to the origins of the American game, which was not invented by Abner Doubleday but by an amiable savant named Alexander Cartwright, who carried it west. Penerson follows his route and makes some surprising discoveries about baseball today. Present-day Iron Men are presented in color, scouting reports assay the 34 major teams and, as always, the magazine offers a full complement of news and features.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

In 1961 the sports publicist at Michigan State issued this blurb extolling State's top sophomore baseball prospect:

GARY RONBERG—pitcher—throws right—but right—fine chance to make club his first time out—weighs only 170 but is well put together—fires the ball hard—best coordinated of all Spartan hurlers—majors in journalism—from New Haven, Ind.

The assessment turned out to be conservative. Starter Ronberg won 10 games and lost three, with a career ERA of 3.63, one of the best records since the Spartans had pitchers named Dick Radatz and Ron Perannoni. Up to 1965 the MSU record for Most Games Worked read, "Robin Roberts 17, Gary Ronberg 15. . . ."

"I was just a kid, so naturally I started getting the big head, wondering why the scores weren't coming around," Ronberg says. "When they did, it wasn't encouraging. One scout told me to put on 10 pounds, another told me to lose 10. I got the message: I was marginal either way."

"I did go to Kitchener, Ontario, the Canadian equivalent of D league. My

record there was 14-3, so I ended up at Sherbrooke, Quebec, which would be good A ball. That was just at the edge of my ability. . . . You don't mind when a bad pitch comes screaming back at you, but when your good pitch whizzes past your ear you feel bad. Besides, everybody in Quebec loves home runs, and all the fences seemed to be from 295 feet to 315. I once gave up three home runs in four innings. But I'm glad I had a chance to try it. Those line drives going past your ear impress on your mind that you could be doing that for a living, and then it's easy to turn to something else."

After a stint at UPI, Gary's something else was **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**, where he quickly established a reputation for geniality. The first anybody noticed this Ronberg kid, he was sitting watching a difficult mechanical hockey game sometimes utilized by reporters to while away the late hours on press nights. Gary shyly volunteered to play the next winner. Wham, bang, zipzap, pass-pass-pass, ZONG. His opponent spent most of his time fishing the puck out of the goal.

"I guess I did kind of blitz these guys," Ronberg admits. "What I didn't tell them was that I had had three years practice at my fraternity house. That's how I got interested in hockey."

Now a regular on the hockey and football beats (his story on the St. Louis Blues begins on page 52), Ronberg has little need for office time-killers. Actually, his competitive zeal began to flag about the time he moved into Stew Zoo on Manhattan's swinging East Side. Stew Zoo was an apartment building named for its residents—two New York Giants, Ronberg and 300 airline stewardesses, one of whom Gary soon married. He now lives in Co-ran, N.Y. with Chris and a wirehaired fox terrier named Winston.



RONBERG, KID, NO JOHN ROBERTS

Gary Ball

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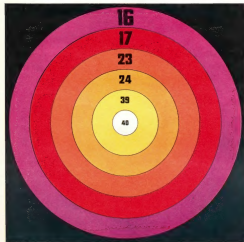
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BOOKTALK

Tennis has changed some but a famous champion's advice about it is still valid

William Tatten Tilden has been acclaimed by many—and perhaps rightly so—as the best tennis player who ever lived. But what he wanted most to be was an actor and author. He was frustrated in both ambitions. The plays that Big Bill appeared in were mostly flops, and his writing—because he got paid for it—once earned him a suspension from the U.S. Lawn Tennis Association.

One of Tilden's instructional books, *Master Play and the Grip of the Ball* (Kensington Press, Port Washington, N.Y., \$3.95), has just been reissued 44 years after its first appearance, and it is good to report that Big Bill's advice on how to win tennis matches is as fresh and as up-to-date as if it were written yesterday.

Tennis has changed drastically since the gangling and colorful all-court master from Germantown, Pa. dominated the sport in the '20s. It is no longer a casual, baseline game played only at stuffy country clubs. It now explodes with power. It is a game built on the big serve and volley and a "get-it-over-quick" philosophy.

Modern players, addicted to this power technique and emphasis on attack, would do well to pause and listen to what a famous predecessor has to say about ground strokes, patience and methods of breaking down an opponent's game.

The latest tragedy of big-time tennis, today, is the deterioration of the ground stroke. Few master it. Most don't even try. Rallies have become rare in modern tennis and the complete player is an oddity, even among champions.

Tilden was the complete player. He served hard, volleyed well and was particularly strong off the ground.

Since he is speaking from an era of horse-train specialists, Tilden makes some references in this book that can be ignored. "There are few players who face the net behind their service," he says in a statement that was true then but not now. However, when the old master discusses attack and defense, he is as sound as ever. Eighty percent of all points in tennis, he writes, are lost on errors and not won on earned points. "There is no attack without defense, and no defense will succeed without attack."

Nothing can tear down a player's confidence like forcing him into errors, says Tilden, and he recommends that every player study and use spin. Spin, he adds, has three purposes: "To gain control, to force your opponent to err, to change pace." He also throws in this advice: "Never allow a player to play the game he prefers if you can possibly force him to play any other. Never give a player a shot he likes to play."

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SCORECARD

THE

In historians' deliques of his role in making the shape of our times, the fact perhaps will deserve no more than a fat footnote or two, but it is true that Dwight Eisenhower, commander of history's greatest military force and 34th President of the U.S., was a man given to profound enthusiasm for and eager participation in sport. Only a lame knee kept him from being a fine football player at West Point, and (in his own mind, at least) only a maddening inability to hit a curve kept him from pursuing his dream of playing professional baseball. He was an adept hunter of quail and partridge, as well as an honorable fisher of trout and bass. His bridge game was sharp, though flawed at times when his notoriously short temper exploded in the face of the one thing he could not abide in bridge: an indecisive player.

But it was golf that came to be Ike's Game in the minds of most people. That is ironic, for Dwight Eisenhower, the country boy from Abilene, had hardly played the game at all until he was in his mid-40s—when his peacetime Army career had sentenced him to an uninspiring year of duty in the tropical rain of the Philippines. He did not become a constant player until he reached his 50s—the commander of the Allied invasion of Normandy. In those days of killing tension he often relaxed at golf on a course near his headquarters.

When he was President—and in good health—a day seldom passed that he did not work out with his special set of Spalding clubs (each inscribed with five stars) and his personal supply of golf balls (each stamped MR. PRESIDENT). Often during the Washington twilight he could be seen punching out iron shot after iron shot across the White House lawn while joint Secret Service agents shagged balls. He had a putting green installed and soon created a storm of protest from ardent lovers when it was learned that White House guards had been trapping and removing squirrels from the grounds

because they had been digging at Ike's putting surface.

Indeed, golf became a *casus réitéré* during the Eisenhower Years. For one thing, the sport boomed in popularity—in part because of Ike's wholesome fascination for the game. But to critics of Eisenhower, golf became a symbol of vacuous and unimaginative government. One popular bumper sticker of the day proclaimed: BEN HOOVER FOR PRESIDENT! IF WE GOTTA HAVE A GOLFER, LET'S HAVE A GOOD GOLFER! The subject of golf had become so touchy by the end of Eisenhower's White House years that during the 1960 presidential campaign John Kennedy refused to be photographed playing the game—even though he was a better golfer than Ike.

During his presidency and in the years of his retirement, Eisenhower played often at Burning Tree in Washington, Cherry Hills in Denver, in Palm Springs and, of course, at the Masters course in Augusta. He frequently vacationed at a cottage built for him just 60 yards from Augusta's 10th tee. Among the furnishings were two of Ike's own paintings: one of Augusta's 18th hole, the other of his grandson David—in a golfing stance, of course.

Eisenhower's game was never really expert. Usually he was delighted to score in the low 80s, and he was positively ecstatic whenever he dipped into the 70s. Certainly, of course, that fabled bluish of rage and a boiling stream of profanity would usually erupt at the slightest hint of bad fortune on the course. Indeed, he himself admitted that his first heart attack in 1955 was probably the direct result of a golf game at Denver's Cherry Hills being interrupted—twice—by insignificant State Department phone calls that forced him to leave the course and return to the clubhouse. "My always uncertain temper had gotten completely out of control," Ike recalled. "And this one doctor says that he had never seen me in such a state, and that is the reason why I had a heart attack."

A year ago, only a few weeks before his last series of heart attacks sent him to Walter Reed Hospital for good, Eisenhower was playing a round at the Seven Lakes course in Palm Springs with three golf friends—Freeman Gosden of Ames 'n' Andy fame, Leigh Batson, a Beverly Hills executive, and George Allen, long one of Ike's closest political confidants. On the 384-yard 13th hole, the former President hit a nine-iron shot off the tee, then watched in incredulous glee as the ball rolled into the hole. "Ever since the end of World War II," said Ike later, "I've been hucking around courses hoping that 'this might be the day.' For once, that 10,000-to-1 shot paid off for me."

TRUMPH ON ICE

Not in any time since the Soviet occupation had Czechoslovakia been so united in its hatred of the occupiers as it was last Friday night. In the world hockey tournament at Stockholm the Czech team scored its second astonishing victory over the powerful Russians, who were in the process of winning their seventh consecutive world championship. In Prague jubilation throngs poured into Wenceslas Square waving newspaper torches and anti-Russian placards. Czechs painted bold denunciations of the Kremlin on building walls and even ransacked the Soviet Aeronautics office on the square. For three and a half hours they yelled and shouted—yelling Czechs and old, women in shawls against the freezing rain, mothers with babies in arms, office workers and shop girls, cab drivers and overalled laborers.

Moscow reportedly was furious, and the embattled Dubcek regime evidently would have to placate the Russians and warn the public against further explosions. But at least for the glorious moment the nation could powerfully relish victory over its oppressors in a fair fight.

14 MILLION DOLLAR BABY

It turns out that a million dollars is really nothing. The NBA's Milwaukee Bucks zoomed past that once magic figure to \$14 million to get Lew Alcindor, and the ABA's New York Nets, after losing out in the first round of bidding, came back with a too-late offer that guaranteed Lewie a total of \$3.25 million (though, admittedly, Alcindor would be in his 6th before he received all of it). The 7' 1½" superstar turned down the new ABA

continued

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SCORECARD continued

offer, repeated that he did not want to get into a bidding war and said that his financial advisers had made that clear to both clubs before bidding started.

The financial advisers were two wealthy UCLA alumni, Sam Gilbert and Ralph Shapiro, who are in business in Southern California—Gilbert in construction, Shapiro in securities. Long-time friends of UCLA athletes, they represented Alcinder without charge. A week ago Monday, Gilbert, Shapiro, Alcinder and Alcinder's father sat down in New York City with representatives of the Bucks and the next day met with officials of the Nets. There was a ground rule: make one offer, and that's it. By Wednesday, Alcinder had made up his mind. It would be Milwaukee, he said, because their bid was "easily the most attractive." As for the new ABA offer, Alcinder said, "A bidding war degrades the people involved. It would make me feel like a flesh peddler, and I don't want to think like that."

PRETTY, TALL

There is a 16-year-old high school basketball player from Englewood, Colo., who is 6' 10" and still growing. Her name is Gwen Bachman, and she was the hit of the Women's National AAU Basketball Championship in Gallup, N. Mex. last week, where she starred for the Phoenix Westerners. Apparently the tallest woman basketball player ever (previously, the tallest girl player in the AAU tournament's 40-year history was only 6' 3"). she scored 35 of her team's 60 points in one game and 24 of 49 in another, despite being double- and triple-teamed most of the time.

"Gwen has a good shooting touch," says Phoenix Coach Bob West, who persuaded her to join his Westerners for the AAU tournament after seeing her play in Colorado. "And she is just beginning to learn how to use her height to good advantage. Her teammates have not been feeding her the ball high enough or she'd score even better."

Miss Bachman, whose father is 6' 10" and her mother 6' even, is a surprisingly well-proportioned girl and seems not at all self-conscious about her height. She says she wants to continue in basketball and hopes to pick up an athletic scholarship. At least 10 colleges strong in women's basketball have expressed considerable interest in her.

So has Jim Williams, coach of the men's

continued

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THE CURSE OF THE ENDLESS PLAYOFF

It has long afflicted pro hockey and basketball. Now it has spread to baseball and the contagion is about to infect pro football. The writer, who is known for his firm opinions, says it's all wrong

by **TEX MAULE**

Someday, in the not too distant future, all sport seasons will last 365 days a year, except for leap year, when we will have one day off.

The trend toward all-year sports was accented in Palm Springs last month when the pooch-bats of the National and American Football Leagues met to decide how they would consummate their marriage—a marriage made in desperation when the couple found that it cost far more to live as two than as one.

The 26 owners in professional football gathered in Palm Springs to ratify a suggestion made by a committee of six owners—three from each league. The committee had said that it was reasonable to suppose that most of the pro football fans in the U.S. would prefer to retain the identity of the two leagues, especially in view of the fact that the Jets had just defeated the Colts in the Super Bowl.

The NFL owners were all in favor of this, and the three members of the AFL who had served on the committee agreed with them. In deference to NBC and the preexisting philosophy of the wretched playoff in professional sport, the AFL committee members—Lamar Hunt of Kan-



Author Maule casts a stern glance at Commissioner Rozelle.

—continued

San City, Ralph Wilson of Buffalo and Billy Sullivan of Boston—had already accepted a bastard plan by which the AFL, with its 10 teams, would achieve material television parity with the NFL.

The AFL, a conference of two five-team divisions, didn't match the NFL in TV games in 1968 because the NFL had split itself into two conferences of eight teams each and the conferences had split again into four-team divisions. This gave CBS two games more than NBC—the two playoffs between the division winners in the NFL conferences. The agreed remedy for 1969 was to have the second-place teams in the two AFL divisions participate in playoffs for the AFL championships.

"This will allow the best team in the AFL to play the NFL champion in the Super Bowl," said Commissioner Pete Rozelle, poorly. It was an ambiguous statement and an inaccurate one. A team which finishes second in its division obviously is not as good as a team

which finishes first and shouldn't be given the chance, in a playoff series which allows a second—or third or fourth-place team, as in hockey and basketball—to supplant the first-place club.

This playoff epidemic, which Rozelle seems determined to welcome as a panacea, already has strayed to baseball, where, until this year a winner has emerged in each of two leagues, and the winner of the World Series has been, incontrovertibly, the World Champion.

If St. Louis, for instance, proves itself the best team in the National League, it shouldn't have to confirm its eminence in a three-out-of-five series with a division champion which has a poorer record. It shouldn't—but it will.

In Palm Springs the football meetings began heretofore. The old-guard NFL owners thought that the AFL owners would meekly accept committee recommendations. They might have, except for Paul Brown, who is now general manager of the Cincinnati Bengals and once was general manager of the Cleveland

Browns. "I won't accept anything less than a complete merger of the two leagues," Brown told a friend at the meetings opened. "I bought this club—and talked other people into investing money with me—on the basis that I would be in the NFL in two years. I wouldn't have spent the money I did to buy an AFL franchise. I am, deep down inside myself, an NFL man. I bought in for a complete merger, and the wording of the peace agreement says that we will have a complete merger. I'm here to make sure of that."

As the owners met at the El Mirador Hilton, no one would have bet on Paul winning his point. The AFL owners were banking in the aftermath of their Super Bowl win, and the NFL owners, having recovered from the shock, were happy about it because they thought they would pick up AFL adherents for the 16-18 split for another few years.

"They [the AFL owners] want to keep their identity," said an old-line owner. "We want them to keep it. So where's the argument? We'll talk for a few days and play golf." No golf was played.

"Unfortunately," said Lamar Hunt, "the three members of our committee were all doves. I mean, in our conference maybe five owners wanted to keep the alignment as it is and five wanted a complete merger. The merger committee members were for the present alignment. We had no idea when we came to this meeting that we weren't expressing the opinion of the majority."

Brown and the hawks destroyed that illusion. When the owners went home after a week of inconclusive debate, Brown and Co. owned the ball park. "We can't argue with them," said Wellington Mara, the president of the New York Giants. "Legally, they're right. If they want a merger they'll get it."

Now the favored resolution of pro football's problem the Brown plan, backed by Rozelle—will be to move each AFL division into a conference with two of the NFL fours. That will create two pro football conferences made up of three divisions each—two from the present NFL configuration and one five from one of the old AFL conferences.

Thus we can expect the 1970 season (when these pseudo-reforms are anticipated) to produce six NFL conference champions. To make this a more manageable number, but to further confuse the issue and to increase TV exposure,

Barnold's Kahn. "I think the playoffs are a constructive move.

It wouldn't be practical to have a first-place team and a 12th-place team.

I strongly doubt whether the playoffs will harm interest in the World Series."





NBA's Kennedy: "The playoffs maintain interest until the end of the season. . . . Baseball provides leisure-time activity for the public; professional sport has to give the owners an opportunity to make a return on their investment."

the owners have concocted a scheme calling for two more teams to be added to these playoffs—the second-place teams from each conference with the best win-loss records.

Each conference will have a four-team playoff—three winners and one runner-up—for its championship. Then the conference winners will play each other in the Super Bowl. A second-place team will have to win only two games after the end of the regular season in order to reach the Super Bowl; this championship confrontation could be between two clubs that had failed to win their respective divisions. That would, of course, be a farce on an even more grandiose scale than the one now staged a week before the Super Bowl—the game between second-place teams in the NFL, often called the Rotten Bowl.

Bowie Kuhn, the new commissioner of baseball, defends the innovative baseball concept of four divisions in two leagues, a duplicate of the NFL four

four, except with four sixes. He also says he will make sure that the playoffs don't extend the season "too long."

How long is too long? If the hockey playoffs were extended to their fullest, the season would not end until May 13. Is that too long? For a devoted hockey fan, no. But it means that hockey conflicts with baseball. And if hockey doesn't end until May 13 (and basketball, conceivably, about May 6), then you can devote your undivided attention to baseball for only some six weeks—the pro footballers go to camp in July.

Somewhere, there has to be a stopping point. The owners, understandably, want to play as many games as they can. But Mr. Roroff, Mr. Kuhn, Mr. Walter Kennedy of the NBA and Mr. Clarence Campbell of the NHL, where does one set in? If your seasons overlap, which channel do you turn to? If you must fight each other head-to-head for playing dates, where do you stop?

If pro football, enormously exciting

over a 14-game season, dilutes the importance of each of these 14 games by going into endless playoffs, then the regular season will grow progressively bland.

If you spend a season determining a champion, the season games are meaningful. Pss. But if you spend a season eliminating a few teams from spurious playoffs put on for the enrichment of TV, then you devalue the season games. Sometime soon the fans will get on to you and quit coming to the regular season games. When that time comes, Pss, you will be in deep, deep trouble. You will have killed that famous goose.

The new shape of pro football suggested by Paul Brown and the NFL militants may be, from a corporate standpoint, right. But pro football and pro basketball, baseball and hockey—are not just corporate operations. Sport is not all business and anyone who thinks that way is likely to be making a business mistake in the long run.

You can create artificial and remote playoffs that could drag the pro football season into March.

But maybe nobody will care by then. Pss.

KMO



NHL's Campbell: "I've never had the slightest doubt of the value of playoffs. You shouldn't condemn a team in our place by keeping it out of contention for the championship. Of course, financially, playoffs have been successful in hockey, too."

IT MAY BE A TWO-HORSE DERBY

As Majestic Prince and Top Knight ran away from their rivals in California and Florida, the prospect of a virtual match race at Churchill Downs in May became likely. And it could be a corker, between powerful, well-bred chestnuts

A few hours and a continent apart, the two winner-look favorites for the Kentucky Derby won their races last Saturday afternoon so easily that one was tempted to feel these were little points in any of the other horses bothering to make the trip to Louisville later this month. At Gulfstream Park Top Knight, the colt who is belittled by everyone before each \$100,000 stakes victory, smothered Arts and Letters by five lengths to win the Florida Derby. In Arcadia, Majestic Prince, Frank McMahon's chestnut colt, made it six-for-six with a sensational eight-length victory over nine hopelessly outclassed rivals in the Santa Anita Derby. Both early spring sensationally were at the testing mile-and-a-half distance, just $\frac{1}{16}$ of a mile shorter than the two favorites will be asked to run when they meet for the first time at Churchill Downs on May 3. Unless Arts and Letters improves drastically in the next four weeks, unless Reviewer, who should win this week's one-mile Gotham at Aqueduct, demonstrates that he also can go a distance, the Derby, Preakness and Belmont Stakes of 1989 may well turn out to be a series of two-horse races.

The 32nd running of the Santa Anita Derby was won with such amazing ease that Majestic Prince's rider, Bill Hartack, eased him up for the last $\frac{1}{16}$ of a mile and still won pulling away. "If he doesn't win by five lengths," said Trainer Johnny Longden to his son Eric on the morning of the race, "something is wrong." Hartack, who allowed himself a post-race smile as he continued his policy of not talking to the press (he believes reporters should pay for this), said to Longden, "I only let him run as fast as I had to."

Right Cross and Mr. Joe F. ran away from the gate fastest and had their own

little race, four lengths ahead of everyone else, up the backstretch, while Hartack had Majestic Prince straggled in behind them in third place. The other seven horses might as well have stayed in their barns. The front-runners hit the first quarter in :22 $\frac{1}{2}$ and the half in :45 $\frac{1}{2}$. Right Cross, who lost to the Prince by only a nose at six furlongs last December, stuck his head in front at the end of six furlongs in 1:10 $\frac{1}{2}$, and then retired from the contest, utterly exhausted. Rounding the far turn, Hartack let out a notch with Majestic Prince, and jockey Merin Velke aboard Mr. Joe F. described what happened: "One second he was beside me and the next second he was three on top. And my horse was still running."

Without ever feeling the touch of the whip, Majestic Prince rolled to a six-length lead at the eighth pole and coasted home from there. He had run a mile in 1:35 $\frac{1}{2}$, and his final time—meaningless under the circumstances—was 3:49.

When the team of McMahon, Longden and Hartack set off across the Rockies in a week or so with Majestic Prince, the entourage should bring customers to the Derby scene. The event certainly deserves something better than the sort of notoriety it has endured for the past 11 months. In McMahon, the Canadian individualist who won the Santa Anita Derby with Four-and-Twenty in 1981 (with partner Max Bell), and the Irish Sweep Derby with Meadow Court (with Bell and Bing Crosby), racing has an owner who loves the sport and enjoys a good party.

Longden, who won 25 \$100,000 stakes as a rider, trained his first 100 grader last week and admitted that he was more nervous than he ever was in the saddle

"You hear about everyone trying to train your horse for you," he said. "You hear about him working too fast or too hard. About his bad knees and all that sort of thing, and you can't help but get a little nervous."

Both McMahon and Longden have nothing but praise for Hartack, who has turned up regularly in rain and sleet to work their colts whenever Longden chose not to. "Bill has a good head," says Longden. "He knows where he's at at all times and he knows this horse."

Majestic Prince, called the Prince or the Ham (because he seems to like to pose) around Longden's Santa Anita barn, gave his followers some anxious moments prior to his winning Derby. For one thing, he does work fast—too fast, according to some. However, eight days before the Derby he won a mile in track-record time of 1:34 $\frac{1}{2}$. Two days before the race he did a half mile in a lightning :45 $\frac{1}{2}$. "I'm not saying this is wrong," says one trainer who has won both a Santa Anita and a Kentucky Derby, "but over the long haul it takes an iron horse to stand this kind of training." On Wednesday of Derby Week the Ham didn't eat the way he usually does and also ran a slight fever. The next morning he was fine and proved it with his :45 $\frac{1}{2}$ half mile. A sensitive sort, the Prince doesn't like his ears to be touched. In the saddling shed on Derby Day, when they put the number disk on his bridle, the disk brushed his ear and he objected. He almost shook off his bridle and got loose in the shed. Said Longden, "I shudder to think that he might have run off and hit the wall

continued

Son gliding off his mane and chin whiskers, Majestic Prince loomed home at Santa Anita.





or slipped and fallen down." Even after the Prince's stunning victory, one heard some reservations voiced. "Horses are creatures of habit," said one veteran observer. "This colt has won so easily in his last few races that Hartsack has eased him up approaching the wire. If a slight horse remembers this when he gets to Churchill Downs, he might be smart

enough to ease himself up—and don't think that couldn't be a costly mistake."

As Top Knight moves on from Gulfstream Park, probably to Aqueduct for the April 19th running of the Wood Memorial, Majestic Prince will head for Keeneland. There he will race in either the Blue Grass on April 24 or the seven-furlong Stepping Stone at Churchill

Downs on April 26. As he spoke of these plans, Frank McMahon lifted a glass in tribute to his horse. "Majestic Prince and I have a good trainer and a good jockey," he said. "The colt has speed, good conformation, good disposition and, most important, he can run." On May 3 we will discover how fast and how far. —WALTER TOWSE

A SHARP KID FROM THE EQUINE ACADEMY

Like country club members who play golf against one another every Saturday, four of the five 3-year-olds competing in the Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park last Saturday had beaten each other from the time they were 2. Top Knight, the solid choice in the betting, beat Arts and Letters and Beau Brummel in the Flamingo; Arts and Letters won the Everglades against Top Knight, Al Hatab and Beau Brummel. Al Hatab beat Arts and Letters in the Fountain of Youth. Beau Brummel beat Top Knight in the Garden State last November. Donec, the horse that aroused most interest among horsemen and fans, because he was unbeaten in all of his four races, chipped a bone in his right knee after a fast workout the Thursday before the race and had to be retired from racing indefinitely. Tim disappointed all of his admirers and may have affected the attendance, which was about 2,000 less than last year, though cold and cloudy weather probably contributed also.

During the week before the Derby, owners, trainers and horseplayers were all saying judiciously, "Top Knight is the one to beat." Even the man who doubts so vociferously in the soliloquies whenever there is sun—and as horse devotee at night in the Attache Hotel, where many racing people stay in Hallandale, fancied Top Knight. But, as usual with horseplayers and trainers, there were hedges. Al Hatab, who means "snoo-dropper" in Arabic—his sire being The Axe II—might cut down the others. Arts and Letters might prove that a little

learning is a wonderful thing. Nobody thought much of Fast Hilarious except that he might win laughing. And Beau Brummel, it was agreed, would probably be undressed.

Derbies, especially in Florida, make gag-and-gimmickmen happy. At Gulfstream the usual fashion show was followed by a race among orchid renderers, orchid being the color of the day. Cupid, weighing in at 568 pounds, Dancer at 610 and Comet at 579 were reluctant to get into the gate for the $\frac{1}{16}$ of a mile. The jockeys were dressed—naturally—as Santa Clauses. Cupid promptly dumped his rider and jumped into the infield lake to cool his tension. Dancer threw his jockey. Comet was dragged by a lasso in the finish line, the official winner. Fortunately, nobody entered a Rudolph. Past Florida Derby days have featured elephants, bulls, ostriches and rebars.

By the time Thoroughbreds look over from render and water skiers and models, favorites had not had too good a day. Then the ninth race, the Florida Derby, made up for that. Fast Hilarious, as expected, came out of the gate quickly, but Manuel Ycaza, on Top Knight, did not permit him to get much of a lead. Hugging the rail along the backstretch, Top Knight ran smoothly and unflinchingly. Coming into the stretch he improved a slim lead swiftly, going ahead of Fast Hilarious and eventually winning by five lengths over Arts and Letters, who was $2\frac{1}{2}$ lengths ahead of Al Hatab. The latter was a big disappointment to those who had proclaimed that he loves Gulfstream. He finished only a length ahead of fading Fast Hilarious. The pace was sluggish, and the time, 1:48 $\frac{1}{5}$, was considerably slower than the track record for the mile and $\frac{1}{16}$ set by Calumet's Gen Duke when he won the Florida Derby in 1957 with

1:46 $\frac{1}{5}$. All but Danny Phleges' poor Beau Brummel got a good piece of the action. Top Knight drew down \$81,800; Arts and Letters, Paul Mellon's horse, got \$20,000 for second; Pelican Stable's Al Hatab took \$10,000 for a gall race; and Fast Hilarious, \$7,000 for his front-running effort.

There was gossip before the race that Top Knight was not sound, and his trainer, Ray McCall, who had won the Florida Derby with Native Changer in 1965, said later, "I don't know where the rumors have come from, but his race today shows they are not true. There is nothing wrong with this horse. We may run him in the Wood or the Kentucky Derby next—that decision remains to be made. I wish the people who keep knocking this horse would get lost."

After the race, Ycaza said, "Phew! A nice horse. Broke good, laid good and finished good. There's not much more than that you can ask. My plan was to break out and play it by ear, but they left the rail open, and . . ." Then he grinned. Braulo Raza was thoroughly overjoyed at Beau Brummel's dismal performance. He shook his head sadly and said, "I didn't expect him to be that bad."

Top Knight, by Venes, out of Rantan by Sumner Tan, was sent to Jack Price's equine academy at Ocala when he was four months old. Price, who was at the Derby, was hugely proud of his pupil. "Top Knight was a good study," he said, "a loner, and never wanted to get into the fights yearlings. Like other youngsters, engage it."

Before he left the track, Ycaza had a last word: "It was a real thrill winning this one because all the best 3-year-olds were here." Then he paused and added, "Except for that big one out there in California." —M. R. WILNER

Turfmen Hartsack and outside Prince right in their different styles to victory. The match-up between them in Louisville should be as stimulating as that of their superb horses.



The morning after Conigliaro was knocked out in 1967, he lay in a Boston hospital, his left eye swollen shut, his baseball career in jeopardy.

NOW PLAYING IN RIGHT FIELD. . . .

A year and a half after the beating that nearly cost him the vision in his left eye, Boston's Tony Conigliaro has his old job back, having overcome medical opinions and stiff competition from his brother. **By MARK MULVOY**

From the start of spring training it was almost certain that a Conigliaro would be playing right field for the Boston Red Sox on opening day. Maybe it would be Tony, age 24, provided he could really see a baseball with both eyes again, something the top specialists in the country once said was impossible. Or it might be Tony's brother Billy, 21, young and inexperienced, perhaps, but possessing enough ability and aggressiveness to play in the majors right now.

Last week there was no longer any doubt about which Conigliaro would start in right field. It would be Tony Tony C—back again in his old position and batting fifth in the Red Sox lineup. Brother Billy will either be sitting on the Boston bench or playing in Louisville.

Tony did not win the right-field job, he simply reclaimed it. Certainly Billy did not lose it. Indeed, with only one week of the exhibition schedule left, he was outhitting his older brother by more than 50 points. Billy easily was the best rookie in the Red Sox training camp, just like Tony was their best rookie in 1964 when he joined the club as a regular outfielder.

However, Billy's accomplishments this spring, impressive as they were, were not nearly as dramatic as his brother's. Doctors say it is a medical miracle that Tony can see the white baseball with the red stitches when it is pitched in him at varying speeds and angles from a distance of 60 feet or inches. And Tony always has been able to hit a baseball when he has seen it—or when it has not hit him.

Before his 23rd birthday Conigliaro had hit 104 home runs in the major leagues, more than any player in history at a comparative age. He also helped the Red Sox into position for their drive to the 1967 American League pennant. During his first four seasons, though, he was injured seriously five times, when wild pitches fractured his left hand, right wrist, right arm, shoulder blade and left cheekbone.

The cheekbone was fractured the night of Aug. 18, 1967 in Boston's Fenway Park. Tony was anticipating a pitch away from the plate. The pitcher, Jack Hamilton, then of the California Angels, threw inside instead, and Conigliaro could not get out of the way. The ball

smashed against the left side of his face, just below his temple and parallel to his eye. Tony was rushed to the hospital. "I knew it was bad," he said. "I dozed off for 20 minutes and when I woke up there was blood all over the sheets." Conigliaro was confident that the cheekbone eventually would heal—after all, the other bones all had healed properly. He was more concerned about his eyes. For almost two days he could not see anything. Then the right eye cleared completely. But, when he left the hospital a week later, the left eye still was visually useless.

Tony did not play again in 1967, although he was permitted to sit on the Red Sox bench in the World Series, provided he did not buckle the umpires or yell encouragement to his teammates. Last spring he reported to the Red Sox training camp. He thought his left eye was better, or at least it seemed better, but it was immediately obvious that he was wrong, that he couldn't see the ball. Although he wore a batting helmet with a protective flap that extended down against the left side of his face, Tony was falling away from the plate almost



Today: a full year after missing 200 hits, Tony is almost, just about, normal. And so is his future. TODAY: DARRIN

before the pitcher released the ball. In the old days Tony Conigliaro never left back. He propped himself over the plate, but cocked vertically, and dared the pitcher to throw the ball past him.

When Tony did swing at pitches last spring, he missed them badly. He struck out four times in one game against the Yankees. Three days later he struck out three more times against the Senators. Afterward he went into the Red Sox clubhouse, locked the door behind him and almost destroyed the room. For 10 minutes he threw chairs and bats and balls and gloves to relieve his frustration. That night, he returned to Boston, ostensibly to attend a military reserve meeting. But Tony was going to see the eye doctors once more.

A team of specialists at the Retina Foundation in Boston examined Tony's left eye. They discovered a hole in his macula, which is the section of the retina containing the nerve fibers and specialized rods and cones that provide sharp vision. Tony likes to describe the macula as "the film for the camera." The doctors warned that the retina might eventually become detached. Teus also showed that Conigliaro had almost no depth perception and that the sight in his left eye, once 20/15, was 20/300. It was then the doctors told Tony that he never would be able to see well enough out of that left eye to hit a baseball again.

Tony and his father, Sal, drove home

to Swampscott, a north shore suburb of Boston. It was a quiet ride. When they got home, Sal told Mrs. Conigliaro that Tony's career was finished. Tony went to his bedroom and locked himself there for days, emerging only to eat. "I couldn't blame the kid," Sal Conigliaro said. "Then I came home from work one day and found my lawn all dug up. Tony had made a pitcher's mound and he had measured off the distance to the plate. He was out there pitching to his brother Richie."

Tom Yawkey, the Red Sox owner, had told Tony that he never would have to worry about his future, that there would always be a job for him with the Red Sox. There were several other careers open to Conigliaro. He already was a professional singer whose records had sold well. And a Boston television station offered to send him to TV school. But now Tony wanted to be a major league pitcher.

Last winter he went to Florida to pitch for the Red Sox team in the instructional league. Once there, he got as rich to step back into the batting cage. Sam Mele, the former Minnesota manager who now works for the Red Sox, agreed to throw batting practice. Tony hit the ball hard. He could see the ball again, he claimed, almost the way he used to see it before he was hit that August night.

Hearded, he returned to Boston for another examination at the Retina Foun-

dation. The same doctors who explained the macula hole to Tony only seven months earlier were now dumbfounded. Somehow, the hole in the macula had filled with pigment. "It was a miraculous thing," the eye specialists told the Red Sox team physician, Dr. Thomas Turner. "Somebody must have said a prayer for that kid." Teus disclosed that Tony had regained the depth perception in his left eye and that the sight in the eye had improved to 20/30.

And so, early last month, Conigliaro began his comeback at the Red Sox training camp in Winter Haven, Fla. If Tony could indeed see the ball again, and let it like he used to—he certainly would be back on the team. Tony Conigliaro and his bat would also give the Red Sox the most lethal offense in the American League. However, neither the Red Sox nor Conigliaro were certain of that left eye.

"He didn't look good in early batting practices," said Jerry Sepperson, a Red Sox pitcher. "Everyone hits them, but Tony was missing the ball. He stood back away from the plate and he couldn't get his bat on anything outside." Conigliaro had an explanation. "I could see the ball all right," he said. "I could pick up the spin. But I hadn't played in more than a year and a half and I was trying to get comfortable. I knew I was way off the plate. I wanted to work my way back to the plate gradually. I was in no hurry."

Continued



Billy Coneluard (right) gave brother Tony a bat for his job and may well make the majors.



Early this spring Tony was given a green reminder of his accident when a pitcher decided his

Although most people around Warner Haven doubted Tony's explanation and believed he still could not see, Carl Yastrzemski decided right away that Tony, in fact, was all right. "Good hitters can start themselves into the path, look at the ball and then check themselves if they see the ball is going to be outside the strike zone," Yast said. "Tony always used to do that. Last year he was using everything. He couldn't see the ball well enough to check his swing. He moved all the time. I looked at him in batting practice this spring and noticed he could check himself again. It was so obvious. And that told me that he can see."

When the Sox played their first exhibition game, Tony was in right field. The first time he came to the plate he walked. He promptly tagged up and went to second when George Scott fled out deep to right field. It was a play only an alert player would make and so stunned the White Sox that they never even made a try for him.

In his third game of the spring Tony was knocked down by a rookie pitcher for Minnesota. While Twins Manager Billy Martin rushed to the mound to calm the rookie, Coneluard bounced up and dusted himself off. The pitch had been close, but he was unperturbed.

Nevertheless, Tony did not hit the ball well during the early games. He struck out frequently—13 times in his first 50 at-bats—but so did a lot of his teammates. "It didn't bother me," he said. "The only times I couldn't see the ball were when the backgrounds were real bad. A year ago I couldn't see the ball at all. You know, they talk about the troubles of hitters and they talk about lowering the mound and making the plate smaller and getting a livelier ball and shortening the strike zone. Well, the single most important thing they could do to help hitters would be to make all hitting backgrounds the same. Some backgrounds are ridiculous. People say green is best. I don't think so. If a ball gets scuffed with grass, it comes at you looking greenish against a green background. I think all backgrounds should be dark blue. Then the hitters would not."

Meanwhile, brother Billy was having no problems at all with either backgrounds or opposing pitchers. One day against St. Louis he belted a pinch-hit

Coneluard

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home run. Tony was in Winter Haven, playing golf, and heard later on the radio that "Tony Conigliaro is off to a great start in his comeback. Today he hit a home run against St. Louis at Boston..." He laughed. "I thought I was playing golf," he said.

Gradually, Tony also began to hit the ball solidly. He was moving closer to the plate every time at bat. He was using a bat $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches longer than the one he used before the beating, and he was not bailing out. His left foot was aimed to the right of first base—not the third base danger.

But it was not until last week that Tony really began to hit like the old—or the young—Conigliaro. Against the Reds in Tampa he singled sharply into center field in the first inning. "I was hitting the ball square, and that's all I really wanted," he said. Until then Tony had not hit any home runs. But in the third inning, facing Mel Queen, Tony connected with a fastball. Alex Johnson, the Reds' leftfielder, turned to the wall and looked up. The ball disappeared over the fence and landed about 475 feet from home plate. When he returned to the dugout, his teammates swarmed around him. The next day Tony hit two solid singles in his first two at bats against the White Sox in Winter Haven.

There now was no longer any doubt that Tony Conigliaro could see the baseball. And there was no doubt that Tony would be in right field against Baltimore on Opening Day.

"I will be a better hitter at night, I am sure," Tony said, "because the ball will come out of a dark background. But I will be able to see it all right during the day, too. I just hope that I can be the type of hitter I was in 1967 when I could drive in the key run and help the club win games."

After the home run in Tampa, Tony came out of the game and drove back to Winter Haven in a car with Yastrzemski and Ken Harrelson. "Toes," Harrelson asked, "have you ever felt so good?" Conigliaro smiled. "I got an idea," Harrelson said. "Let's buy the champagne and we'll do some celebrating tonight in Winter Haven."

Conigliaro turned to face Harrelson in the back seat. "O.K., Hawk," he said. "but just this once. If we drink champagne every time I hit a home run this season, we'll be two drunks home at the end of the year."

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The history of our most lustrous tournament is studded with memorable moments, and Bert Yancey (right), who has made a victory at Augusta his private mission, is determined to have his own. Whether he can match the ones shown on succeeding pages will be settled next week **by MARK MULVOY**



A MANIA FOR THE MASTERS

Walk over to Bert Yancey, that tall fellow with the visor pushed back into his reddish-blond hair and the pencil stuck behind his right ear, and ask him about the Masters golf tournament. Go ahead. Ask Bert Yancey anything at all about the Masters.

Do you want to know how many rooms there are in the clubhouse at Augusta National? Ask Yancey. Want to know the silverware pattern in the contestants' dining room? Yancey can tell you. Want to know who manufactures the flagsticks or how long they are? Yancey knows.

For as long as he can remember, 30-year-old Bert Yancey has had this thing about the Masters and the Augusta National Golf Club. As a kid growing up on golf courses around Tallahassee, Yancey says he had only one real ambition. He wanted to be invited to play in the Masters. It became an obsession with him. He vowed never to attend the Masters as a spectator or play the Augusta National course until he received his invitation to compete in the tournament itself.

Finally, in 1967, mostly as a result of winning the previous year's Portland Open, Yancey qualified. For several days, Bert recalls, he lived with a feeling of "complete joy." He would be playing in a tournament, say the Tucson Open, and doing poorly, when suddenly he would think about the Masters and then hit his longest drive straight down the middle of the fairway. "It is difficult, really difficult," he says, "to describe what playing in the Masters meant to me then and means to me now."

Characteristically, when Yancey got his first invitation he immersed himself in the Masters. To start, he and his wife Linda, who doubles as his putting coach, moved in with the Masters themselves. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Masters, that is, who live just across the road from the second hole at Augusta National. When he wanted to practice, Yancey never had to wait for a ride or worry about leaving his wife without a car. He simply walked out the front door, across the street and onto the course.

Then, instead of practicing with his

best friends on the tour—Frank Beard, R. H. Sikes and Harold Henning—Bert joined veterans such as Jay Hebert and Ken Venturi. "They had been coming to Augusta for years and they knew what the course was like and what the Masters was all about," Yancey explains. "I wanted to pick their brains."

Bert asked Byron Nelson, an old Augusta Master, to walk the course with him one day. Nelson counseled him on the dos and don'ts. "He told me not to get greedy on the 12th—that little par-3 can be a killer," Yancey says. "He told me that two pars and two bogeys during the four rounds would be the average on 12. He was right, too."

While playing Augusta National during his practice rounds, Yancey tried to think like Ben Hogan. "That man played position golf from the tee," Yancey says, "and then he hit for the center of the green. He had a plan for the golf course. So I stood on the tee and tried to figure how Hogan would play every hole. I knew Hogan would get the best angle off every tee, so I tried to find the best

angle. And I promised myself this—I like Hogan—I would play for the center of the greens at all times. Augusta, it has been proved, is not a gambler's course. The greens are not very big. There is no reason to hit the ball at the flagstick on every hole. You can hit the ball into the middle of a green and have only a 20-foot putt to the cup no matter where it is."

When he returned to the Masters home at night, Bert even took a part of the Augusta National course with him. He made scale models that show the contours and the most likely positions for pin placements on all the greens. He attached the models to a large board, and every night he stared at the board and tried to make himself a part of them.

"You must have a mental attitude about the Masters, especially if you want to win," Yancey says. "I felt then and I still feel now that if I had a mental picture of every green, if I knew the intimacies of every green, then I could step up to my ball and hit it exactly where I wanted to, I mean, I could be 150 yards away and not even see the pin, but I would still know where I wanted my ball to land. That was the type of mental attitude I wanted about the Masters."

For two years now Yancey has proved that his approach to the Masters is the right one. In his first round of that 1967 tournament, Bert shot a five-under-par 67 to lead the field. He still led after 36 holes but was in a three-way tie for the lead after 54 holes. Then, in the final round, he shot a one-over-par 73 to finish third behind Gay Brewer and Bobby Nichols. Last year Yancey played widely golf for the first three rounds and was two under par for 54 holes. In the final round he shot a seven-under-par 65 to finish at 279, a score that would have won 25 of the 32 previous Masters and tied for the lead in three others. But not 1968. Yancey's 279 put him third again behind Bob Goalby and Roberto De Vicenzo.

Yancey has now played 144 holes at the Masters in 13 under par. Only three other golfers who have played in at least two Masters have been able to keep their aggregate total score under par. They are, not surprisingly, Arnold Palmer, Jack Nicklaus and Gary Player. Yancey's average of 70.37 a round is lower than any of theirs by more than a full stroke.

Now Yancey is about to play in the

tournament for the third time and he feels ready to win. "I think you've got to feel that way or else you won't win it," he says. "For instance, I did not feel ready to win the U.S. Open last year even after I led for three rounds. I would have been glad to take the Open, of course, but I don't believe I was mentally ready to win it. Then I blew it that last round. I don't want to take anything away from Lee Trevino, but I really blew the Open. I was five shots ahead during the third round and suddenly I was four shots behind during the fourth round. The Masters will be different. It is the only thing I have thought about for almost a year.

"Despite what some players say, the Masters is not just another tournament. It comes only once a year. Max it, blow it—and you must wait another year. As the start of the Masters approaches, I begin to get real careful about everything. I stop lifting sandwiches. I watch my diet and avoid the extras. I don't stay out late at night. And I really work on my putting. If everything else is right and I can get my putts rolling during the Masters, I know I will beat anyone's brains in."

It was not until the 1967 Masters that most people knew there was a Bert Yancey. The pros on tour knew him, though, and knew that he had a meticulous golf game. His swing was silky smooth. His long irons were played with precision. His short game was played with finesse, and his putting was right up there with the best. "I'd rather have Yancey's stroke than a license to steal," Jackie Burke says.

Despite the quality of his game, Yancey has yet to prove that he can hold up under the severe tension of a major championship. Three rounds, maybe. Four rounds, no. After all, he led both the 1967 Masters and the 1968 U.S. Open for the first three rounds, yet failed to win either. Some people feel that the experience of last year's Open, when he finished with a 76 after three sub-par rounds, may prove so shattering that he will never win anything again. So far he has not. Last month at the Citrus Open he led again after three rounds with a 70-66-70 before a finishing 77 put him in a tie for 10th and revived better memories.

Yancey's ability to hold up under tension is questioned because of his experiences in the summer of 1960. Bert was a cadet at West Point then, just start-

ing his senior year. During the summer he was an adjutant working with the incoming plebes on field maneuvers. He had considerable responsibility, and soon he began to crack under it.

Bert already was depressed about a number of things, and then he had to go without sleep for three nights and four days during one stretch of beast-barracks training. "Soon I started to ask all kinds of nebulous questions," Bert says. "Like who is God? And what is love? Anything without meaning."

Yancey woke up one morning in a hospital. He had suffered a nervous breakdown. The Army transferred him to Valley Forge hospital. "I had the whole bit then," he says. "Mine was not a mild nervous breakdown. They gave me shock treatments." After nine months in hospitals, Yancey was discharged from the Army. He went to Florida to work with his brother Jim, one of the country's best greenskeepers, at a course in Miami. "It was obvious that I was not well even then," Yancey says. "I was still doing things that had no meaning. One day I just started to walk off in a straight line toward the edge of the Everglades. My brother stopped me just in time."

Jim Yancey finally called his father in Tallahassee and told him to "come get Bert—he's not recovered." The elder Yancey flew to Miami to escort Bert home. "I got on the plane and felt I was a kamikaze pilot," Bert says. "This was it. I was not going to live beyond the flight. The stewardess came around and gave me a grapefruit-juice cocktail. I thought that was the potion they gave kamikaze pilots so they would have a happy death."

Then the plane landed in Tallahassee. "When it hit the runway, I was well," Yancey says. "It was reality, like waking up from the worst dream. I had had this tremendous feeling of death—and of accepting death—only hours before. And now life was apparent. To this day I don't remember most of what happened those previous 99 or 100 months."

Yancey has a continuing curiosity about the nervous breakdown. When he mentions former West Point classmates during tournaments, he questions them about the events of his last summer as a cadet. "I search them," he says. "I want to know about it. I'm not afraid to talk about it."

continued

Well again, Yancy spent the summer of 1961 working on his golf game, and then he joined the '62 winter PGA tour. He stayed on the tour through the spring of 1962 with very little success, took a job as a teaching pro, then quit to study pre-medicine at Florida State. "I wanted to help people," he says. A semester later, Bert withdrew to take an assistant pro's position in Philadelphia. Bert and his wife remained there during 1963, and in August of that year he signed a six-year contract with 30 wealthy Philadelphians who were willing to underwrite his expenses on the tour against a substantial share of the profits.

"It was really unlikely I would play six years if I could not make expenses," Yancy says. "If things did not look promising after two years, I'd have done something else."

The contract, which expires this August, has been a touchy subject around the Yancy household. Linda thinks the syndicate should have accepted Bert's offers to buy up the contract. She feels the syndicate has made a substantial profit already on the \$220,000 Bert has earned the last six years.

Yancy disagrees with Linda. "We have a gentleman's agreement," he says. "and I will honor it. I have been ready to go on my own for a long time, sure. However, I don't feel badly that I signed the contract. If they had not backed me, I might not have made it out here."

During his early days on the tour Yancy always seemed to be having some-

thing bizarre happen to him. For instance, at the U.S. Open in 1964, he removed his shoe and sock to hit a shot out of some water. When he emerged he found blood gushing from his foot. He had stepped on a piece of jagged glass. Yancy was taken straight to a hospital and had to withdraw from the tournament.

Three years later, at the Buick Open, rain caused a delay in the tournament. Yancy, wearing wet clothes, was playing bridge to pass the time. He was sitting on a metal box when a bolt of lightning struck, knocking him to the floor. "I'm lucky I wasn't killed," he says. He went on to the finish in a tie for second.

In between these incidents, Yancy began to play good golf. He won three tournaments in 1966, another in 1967. His earnings rose from \$12,000 in 1964 to some \$65,000 the last two years. This year he is 12th on the money list with \$12,000 so far.

Now that he is financially solvent, Yancy wants a Masters championship more than ever. He has been formulating his plan for the Masters for several months now, with these thoughts impressed on his mind:

"The trouble at Augusta is to the left, but so is the advantage. Like at No. 10 I can hit a three-wood straight down the middle, let it hit the hill and then roll. I'd have a four- to six-iron left. Or, I could turn my drive, catch the downslope and have an eight- or nine-

iron left. Of course, I could turn my driver too much and find deep trouble on the left. But I will hit the driver. I won't hit it left.

"You should be one under par going to the 6th. The 1st and 2nd holes are possible birdies. The 2nd is a definite birdie. I play safe with my tee shot on the second. It's a par-5 and I can't get home in two anyway. Then I hit my second shot anywhere down in front, even in the sand. I can make a birdie from the sand just as easily as from the grass.

"If you are one under through 5 or 6, you have a chance to turn in two-under 34 since the par-5 8th is a good birdie hole. You must play the par-4s for the middle of the greens in order to make par.

"I'll play for pars at 10, 11 and 12. On 12 I try the safest route possible to the green. On the par-5 13th, I'll go for the green if my drive is in any good position. But I always go for it on the par-5 13th. I never lay up there. I was lucky last year on the 16th. I made four straight twos on the hole. I'll take it again. I play for the middle on 17 or 18 and try to roll in a putt. I had to gamble on 16 and 17 in 1967, the first time I didn't play for the middle, and made bogys. That taught me."

Yes, Bert Yancy has learned a lot about the Augusta National. Now he is ready for the Masters and the green jacket that goes to the winner. He even knows who makes the jackets.

impossible successes and improbable failures have become a part of the Masters tradition. Artist Francis Golden recreates a few of the tournament's most famous triumphs and tragedies.

A DOUBLE EAGLE STARTED THE FIREWORKS

1935: In the second year of the Masters, Gene Sarazen hit what has turned out to be the most historic shot in golf. At the 15th, a 485-yard par-5, Sarazen needed three birdies in the last four holes to tie Craig Wood, who was already in the clubhouse. After a good drive he hit a four-wood over the pond toward the hole. When the ball rolled in for a double-eagle 2, Sarazen had in effect, made all three birdies with one shot. Sarazen tied Wood, then beat him the next day in a playoff to complete his remarkable comeback.







1954:

Only Joe Potter, a 31-year-old amateur from North Carolina, had the pros by the throat and the gallery by the heart as, from start to finish, he did everything but win. With the help of a hole in one on the 4th, he moved "up the final nine on Sunday. Facing Ben Hogan and Sam Snead for the lead. By the 12th he was ahead. Then, at the infamous 13th, came the calamity. Bold when caution might have served him well, he

came away with wet feet and a soggy 7. "I went for the green," he said later, "because that's what the crowd wanted." His effort to please his gallery cost him the Masters. He lost it by a stroke.



1961:

"I was in too big of a hurry to win it," Arnold Palmer said. That was the story of the worst hole he ever played, and the most enjoyable Gary Player ever watched. Members of Annie's Army thought it was going to be a dink. Their hero had a thrilling seven-iron to the 72nd green for a par 4 and victory over Player. When Palmer got too hasty and bunkered the shot, the Army thought, oh well, at worst a bogey 5, a tie, and we win it tomorrow. But there was no tomorrow, for Palmer hit this shot over the green and wound up with a double-bogey 6.



ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES GUNN



1965: Jack Nicklaus was untouchable and almost unbelievable. Tied with Palmer and Floyer after 36 holes, he crushed them both with a third-round 64 that matched the course record. When he picked his putt out of the hole on Sunday he had won by a stunning six-stroke margin and set a Masters scoring mark of 271.

1967: Up the last fairway trudged the familiar figure in the white cap, and the decades rolled back. It was 54-year-old Ben Hogan finishing the back nine in 30 for an astonishing 66. The roars of the gallery were deafening, and for just a fleeting moment golf's great champion permitted himself an uncharacteristic grin.



CORE CARD



HEROES AND STUPIDS

by DAN JENKINS

It is commonly known among a select group of Masters goers that many of the best shots of the tournament are served in tall paper cups on the upstairs porch of the Augusta National Golf Club. The truly great moments occur out on the course, to be sure, but you have to wait for those, and the perch outside the upper grillroom is a very pleasant place to wait. There one can sit where corporate insignias sit and rail while double-eagle makers mill. There, too, a guest can listen to the Masters, not only from the logy, anecdotal murmuring around him, but from the mighty braying of the crowds in the valley below. Off on the flagstaff horizon there stands a big, faintly readable leader board reaching to the room, and near the white porch rail is a contemplative wistaria, and down on the umbrella-dotted veranda there is an ever-present cluster of Tom Vercuts and Susan Marrs to holler at. In the whole Renss of the Masters, there is really no better place to await the presentation that Gene Sarazen will hole out a four-wood, or that Billy Joe Patton will slice a spoon into a creek, or that Roberto De Vicenzo will shank his scorecard.

An Augusta promotion can come in several different forms, of course. It can be a whoop from up around the 8th green, where, according to one's watch, Arnold Palmer's gallery ought to be. It can be an ominous wailing from down near the 10th, where, perhaps, Jack Nicklaus is. It can be a series of red numbers going up on the leader board for someone who was out of it—say, Bert Yancey—but who now, suddenly, is back in it. Or it can sometimes merely be an intelligence report. A gashorned soul will hike up the stairs to gant and puff the news that H-Hogan . . . has . . . b-birdied four holes . . . in a r-row. J-jay and b-bee . . . and wacer, please . . . t-tall . . . ice . . . t-twit . . . aaaaaaaa, whew.

In all of its years since the beginning

in 1934, the Masters has been a tournament of promotions closely followed by explosions. One simply knows that every afternoon something cinemascopically dramatic is going to happen, as in no other championship, for the Augusta course is laid out to make things happen, to envice the field into grandiose delusions. These explosions can be of the mild kind that only makes the ice cubes swirl, but they can also be violent enough to rattle the porch and send everyone scrambling out onto the course like Hollywood-styled Spitfire pilots darting toward their planes.

Bobby Jones, who started the Masters, must have had a promotion in himself as long ago as 1915, the year of his second tournament. He had played in the event (Jones played in the Masters until 1948) and he was in the clubhouse with most everyone else, toasting Craig Wood as the probable winner, when he decided to wander out on the back nine. He wanted to watch his old friends, Gene Sarazen and Walter Hagen, the last two some. Jones reached the 15th green just as they were about to hit their second shots, with Sarazen holding a remote, mathematical chance to tie Wood if he could manage three birdies over the last four holes. Some chance.

Sarazen, as he recalls, was not really thinking about making a double eagle as he stood out there on the 15th fairway, wagging a club, his plus fours flapping in the spring breeze. All he wanted to do was clear the pond in front of the green for two putts and an easy birdie. Nobody ever thinks about making a double eagle except 14-year-old junior champions.

Sarazen lurched at the four-wood from the right side of the fairway, and the ball took off in a high, drawing arc, slightly right of the flag. He might have hit mere club, a spoon or brassie, to be certain of clearing the pond, but it would not have done him much good if the shot had wound up in Sarazen's. The

1968: It was his birthday and when Roberto De Vicenzo edged the 1st hole and birdied the 2nd and 3rd, it looked as though the Masters would give him a green jacket as a present. He finished with a 65 to tie Bob Goalby for the lead and force a playoff. But such was his excitement that Roberto failed to notice that on the scorecard his playing partner, Tommy Aaron, had written down a 4 for five instead of a 3 for the 17th hole. When Roberto signed his card, the score became 174, leaving the charming Argentine to ponder the cruelties of the rule

(continued)

trick was to reach the green and hold it.

"There was a pause and then I heard some yells," Sarazen says. "I walked a few yards before I realized it had gone in, and wasn't just close, for an eagle. Frankly, I'm tired of discussing it. You'd think I had never done anything else but hit that shot. In the Orient for a while I became known as Mr. Double Eagle, which non-golfers probably took to mean that I was an Indian chief. To me, the most interesting thing about the shot is that both Jones and Hagen saw it."

Sarazen's remarkable shot did not alone win him that Masters, of course. He had to par the last three holes to tie, and then defeat Craig Wood the next day in a 36-hole playoff. The fact remains, however, that the double eagle has done more to publicize Augusta than all of the growing of azaleas and pruning of juniper have since. Rudy Vallee had Sarazen re-create the shot the following year for a network radio show, for example, and many a newsreel cameraman has had him imitate back to the scene. And once, in 1955, the tournament committee commemorated the event by staging a double-eagle contest on Wednesday instead of a clinic (for the Par-3 tournament it now holds). Each member in the field took three whacks from where Gene hit the four-wood. Freddie Hain Jr. was the winner with a shot four feet from the pin.

Few men, including Sarazen, have won the Masters under more desperate conditions than Byron Nelson did—twice. His subpar bargains on both occasions, in 1937 and 1942, were nearly spectacular enough to make everyone forget all about double eagles. They were, in fact, memorable enough for the green-jacketed sponsors to erect a bridge in honor of his deeds at the 12th hole.

The Byron Nelson of '37 was barely 25 years old, tall, slender, nervous, and usually outfitted in starched dress shirts with the cuffs turned up twice, on the order of a pharmacist. But he opened that championship with a 66, the lowest round Jones and his friends had seen in the tournament. Nelson's lead slowly dribbled away to a more experienced Ralph Guldahl, and on the last day, with nine holes to play, Byron trailed by four strokes.

Guldahl was playing one hole ahead of Nelson, who was paired with Wuffy Cox, and when Byron reached the 10th

tee he heard that Guldahl had gotten a birdie on the hole. "If I don't get a birdie here I'm five behind with only eight to go," Nelson thought to himself. "I wonder what second money is?"

Without thinking much more about his predicament than that, Nelson hit a good shot into the 10th green and saw it spin up close for a short birdie putt. He made it, and Wuffy Cox said to him, "Kid, I think that's the one we need. It'll show Ralph he can't shake you, and there are plenty of holes left."

Both men got par 4s at the long, dangerous 11th, but when Nelson reached the 12th tee the crowd, he noticed, was scattering over to him in mad droves, jamming around him. And he thought he heard someone talking about Guldahl taking a double-bogey 3 on that dandy little water-logged par-3.

"My adrenaline really got going," Nelson says. "I suddenly realized I'd been playing negative golf for two days." Nelson, somehow, was seized by aggressiveness. He splintered the flag with a six-iron at the 12th, and dropped the 12-footer for a birdie 2.

Now, up ahead on the par-3 13th, Guldahl, reeling from Nelson's pursuit, gambled on a second shot to the green, plopped it into Rae's Creek and took a bogey 6. Then Nelson, almost in a dead run, whooped a spoon over the creek and off the left edge of the green, whereupon he took a three-iron and gently clipped in a 30-foot eagle 3.

In just two holes Nelson had gone 2-3 to Guldahl's 5-6, and it was all over.

Five years later the Masters saw a different Nelson, this one more sophisticated, confident and popular. He was Lord Byron, the Mechanical Man, a man obviously reaching his peak ahead of Ben Hogan and Sam Snead, who were among his contemporaries. And a handy thing it was, for only this kind of player could have defeated Hogan, another rising star from Texas, in a classic Masters.

Nelson began that tournament as if he intended to turn Augusta into a Roanoke chicken ranch, shooting 68-67-123, tying the 36-hole record. He played ahead to 280 and what seemed like victory, but Hogan, burning inside for his first major title, made up eight strokes over the last two rounds and gained a tie. So it was Nelson vs. Hogan, a couple of old Texas pals, from the same cadet class, in fact, in a playoff. It was a

Fort Worth city championship—on the road.

"Still the most vivid thing to me is that many of the players stayed over on Monday to follow it around," Nelson says.

Byron did not begin the playoff like any sort of mechanical man. He double-bogeyed the 1st hole, then bogeyed the 4th, and Hogan stepped onto the 6th tee with a three-stroke lead. But it was from this point on, through the next 11 holes, that Nelson, by his own admission, played the finest golf of his life. All he did was birdie the 6th, eagle the 8th, birdie the 11th, 12th and 13th, and play the next three holes in par. The harsh fact was that Hogan played those same 11 holes in one under par—and lost five shots, not to mention the Masters.

As just about everyone knows who doesn't use spiked clubs or tee off in sneakers, Hogan's best years were still ahead of him. He would win the Masters twice (among nine major titles in all), would finish second three more times and would post a record of never finishing worse than 10th in 14 straight Augusta appearances. For all of this, however, Ben's finest moment came many springtimes after his prime and it was a very moving moment for the Masters. Where were you on April 8, 1967, the day Hogan almost turned Augusta into a soap opera? If you were in warm, sunny Georgia that Saturday you must have been in Hogan's gallery on much of the last nine holes when he shot a record-equaling 30 and completed the round in 66, the lowest of the week.

Quite possibly, Hogan's last nine was the most elegant shotmaking ever in a major tournament. It was certainly an amazing performance for a man only four months shy of his 55th birthday. Hogan played the nine in six birdies and three pars, without a single error in judgment or technique, without a single fairway miss or a putt of more than 20 feet in length, including the two par-3s.

Soft munc, please, and hold that applause while the graying man in the old-fashioned white billed cap and the pleated trousers plays it again. Let's see. There was a seven-iron into the 10th for a six-foot birdie, a six-iron into the 11th only one foot from the cup for a birdie, a six-iron onto the 12th for a 10-foot bird, a four-wood onto the 13th in two for a two-putt birdie, a five-iron onto the 14th for a par from 18 feet, a four-wood onto

the 15th for another two-putt birdie, a seven-iron onto the 36th for a par from 20 feet, a seven-iron onto the 17th for par from 20 feet and a five-iron onto the 18th for the last birdie that carried downhill and in from 13 feet.

Ben had trudged up the last fairway to the building roar of thousands, and when the final putt dropped, the burst of joy from the great crowd must have awakened every tired body in the parking lot. It was followed by endless applause, like a man-of-war curtain call, and one had the feeling that even on the basic clubhouse porch there surely couldn't be a dry eye.

For sustained whoops and hollers, nothing has ever equaled the 1954 Masters, in which a younger Hogan was intensely involved, along with Sam Snead and a crazy, chattering North Carolina amateur, Billy Joe Patton. Those were the days when Tournament Chairman Clifford Roberts did not edit the crowds at Augusta. They were larger in the mid- and late-1950s than they are now, the biggest, trompingest galleries golf has ever known.

Billy Joe, known only around Morganton, N.C., tied for the first-round lead, which was unreal in itself, but then he led all alone after 36. Bareheaded, bespectacled, grinning, with a faster swing than a kitchen blender, Billy Joe kept the bulk of the throng enraptured with his scrambling tactics and his comments. "I may go for it, and I may not," he would drawl, addressing a shot. "It all depends on what I elect to do on my backswing."

Saturday Patton fell to third, five behind Hogan, two behind Snead. Then came Sunday. Sundays are always psychotic at the Masters, but this one more closely resembled a South American revolution than most. Hogan and Snead, playing one hole apart, had every reason to think they were going to have their own private little tournament, but Billy Joe, a couple of holes ahead of them, got back in it fast with a 32 on the first nine, including a hole in one at the 6th.

All anyone could hear from the galleries during the next hour or so at Patton, Hogan and Snead began to shift the lead around was, "Billy Joe gonna do it. He gonna do it."

As it turned out, Billy Joe did it, all right. At a point when judicious play would have won it for him easily—laying up at 13 and 15 for sure pars at a

time he saw Hogan and Snead were having trouble behind him—Patton went for the greens on his second shots and landed in the water both times. To the complete horror of his followers, he made a 7 and a 6 on those holes for 71, and missed tying by a stroke. Pats then would have given him 68 and a two-stroke victory over Hogan and Snead, who tied, Sam winning the playoff the next day.

The 13th hole provided the more important and dramatic incident, for Patton knew he was leading then, that Hogan had just made 6 at the 11th. He could see, too, one presumed, that he had a nasty, sidehill lie for his shot to the green. He studied the shot momentarily while the crowd shouted for him to be cautious. Then he looked over at those near him, taking a wood from the bag.

"I didn't get where I am playin' safe," he said, promptly hitting the ball right into the creek bottom bordering the green.

For a moment or two there was still a glimmer of hope for Billy Joe. Walking toward the ditch Patton heard a few frantic calls and saw some members of the gallery pointing down into the high grass below the green. They were telling him the ball had not submerged quite as deep as Conrad Veidt usually took his U-boats, that perhaps it was playable.

Patton removed his shoes and socks, rolled up his trousers, grabbed a wedge and climbed down into the ditch. He got up once or twice for a slash at it but finally decided, amid some nervous giggles in the crowd, that it was too risky. He could take 14 or 15 slashes at the ball once he got going. So he took a two-stroke penalty, laid out and, still barefoot, pitched up poorly and required two putts for his calamitous 7.

"I wouldn't play it any differently," says Patton. "I was elated to play as well as I did. Going into those last nine holes, I knew I had to take a pop at it. What if I'd played safe and lost? That wouldn't have answered anything. I didn't feel I had any lead at all with Hogan behind me. I'm talkin' about the Hogan of then. If I'd played it safe I'd always have wondered how good I really was. I'm almost delighted I lost, in fact. I might have turned pro."

The remainder of the 1950s at Augusta was not what you would term un-

exciting. Certainly the victories achieved by Cary Middlecoff, Jack Burke, Doug Ford, a new star named Arnold Palmer and Art Wall, in that order, were not without suspense and splendid play. But the Masters, like pro golf itself, was suffering a disease we might call the In-Betweens. It was mourning the gradual but obvious exit of Hogan and Snead—and waiting for the real Arnold Palmer.

The love affair between Palmer and Augusta actually began in 1958 when he won the first of his four Masters. He won it with his pants too long, his shirttail out and no one sure at that time whether Latrobe was in Pennsylvania or Poland. Specifically, he won it with a free lift from an unbedded lie on the 12th hole on the last day, in addition to an angle on the 13th. The affair simmered the next year, Wall's year, when it was Palmer, primarily, who lost the tournament on the last day on the same hole—the 12th—where he got the free lift. With a two-stroke lead, he splashed a seven-iron into the creek, and about two dozen guys up front, led by Art Wall, regarded the news so jubilantly they birdied everything in sight.

Now, with this buildup, Palmer and the Augusta crowds were ready in 1960 to embrace one another, Swedish film style. He quickly mobilized his now-famous Army with a first-round 67, and continued to lead the tournament all the way until he faltered on the back nine on Sunday. Meanwhile, Ken Venturi was in the clubhouse, carrying a 203, believing he had redeemed himself for collapsing twice before when he had been close. Poor Ken Venturi. He was forced to watch a TV set while Palmer ranned in a 30-foot birdie on the 71st, and then an eight-foot birdie on the 72nd to beat him by a shot.

"I'm sitting there with the press all pleased and comfortable," Venturi would describe it later, "and when Arnie holes the 30-footer they leave me like I got the pox."

By 1961, of course there was only one player in the Masters—Arnie. The championship was his to win or lose, as he saw fit. That Gary Player would have the audacity to share the lead with him at 36, and then to open up a four-shot bulge through 54, was practically unspeakable. Cries of "Get him, Arnie" echoed through the pines on Sunday as Palmer set chase. There was one particularly frustrating moment for Player

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THE MASTERS continued

as he doggedly tried to hold his lead, with Palmer slowly creeping up. Bouncing down the 11th fairway, Gary looked at the big leader board and saw that the scorekeepers had posted a huge impromptu sign on it. It said Go Arnold.

Player got home with a 74 for 280, but Arnold, working on a 69, had struggled to a one-stroke lead, and when he crushed a drive up the center of the last fairway, leaving himself no more than a seven-iron to the green, the Army was ecstatic. The war had been won, and they—as much as he had—won it. There were slaps on the back and long, giddy choruses of Whoo-ha, Arnie.

The Army had forgotten one thing, though. Palmer could go to sleep at times like these—the challenge over, the hard work done. And sleep he did on the seven-iron, which plunked off into a right-hand bunker. Well, that was all right, the Army felt. He would either get it up and down in 2, or take a bogey, in which case he would simply win it in a playoff the next day with a 63 to Player's 97. And then right there, before all of those worshipping thousands and before all of the millions watching television, before Winnie and Mark McCormack and everybody, he hit a hole-in-one. Out of the bunker. A San Sausage.

The ball squirmed across the green and sped down a fair slope into so difficult an angle that no mortal could have chipped back to rescue the bogey. Palmer made 6, and lost another Masters.

"I guess I was in too big a hurry to win it," Arnold said later. "Or something. Hell, I don't know what I was up to."

Palmer very nearly suffered a worse humiliation in 1962, when the Masters was all his again in tone, mood and suspense. He grabbed the lead the second afternoon with a blazing 66, tacked a 69 onto that and, although Player and Dow Finsterwald were hovering near enough the top to cause trouble, most of the porch talk Sunday morning was all about Palmer breaking Ben Hogan's 72-hole record of 274. Why not? All he needed was a peddling 68, which he could surely shoot if he had enough cigarettes with him.

Arnold didn't shoot the 68—but he came close to a 78. In one of the most curious rounds he ever played, Palmer frittered away stroke after stroke until he eventually arrived at the 16th hole to find himself two shots behind Fin-

sterwald and Player, with put in for a fat 37.

Then it was like this: Ah, good, says Palmer. Are the TV cameras in focus? Sweet. Flick the cigarette. Hatch the pants. And there goes a 60-foot chip, up-hill, downhill and in for a birdie deer. On to 17. Flick. Hatch. Hatch again. And down goes a 35-foot birdie putt. Play-off. Which, of course, he wins, largely with the job of a gambler hiding at the 12th hole, good old boony, hoochy No. 17, Arnold's room, where he had spit-tooted and splashed and won and lost before.

Palmer won the Masters again in 1964, but this one was more or less of a, well, a porch-sitter, some called it. He led all the way and finished six strokes ahead of the field. And he was, was it, some more. Harry Vardon, after all, won six British Opens, so there is no law against a man building up his own stockpile of particular major championships. Never again, however, will he dominate the atmosphere of Augusta as thoroughly as he did over those five consecutive years from '58 through '62. Nor does it seem likely that anyone ever can again.

If winning alone would do it, Jack Nicklaus would already be there. Think about Jack for a moment. Over the past 10 years as an amateur and professional he has not only taken three Masters but nine major championships in all, same as Hogan, which is more than anyone other than Walter Hagen (11) and Bobby Jones (13). Along the way one of his modest progressions, Augusta in 1965 was to fire a 64, equating a 25-year-old course record, and wind up with a total of 271, 17 under par, which broke Hogan's record by three strokes. Jack also has wavy blond hair, drives a roadster and is considered well liked around the flat house. But what he needs for his 30th birthday is awards.

Jack's problems are that he has had too much talent and maturity for his age. After all, no one can identify with a beefy rich kid who has the ball across the state line and goes around beating Arnold Palmer all the time. The warmth is there to those who know him well, but it never transfers to the crowd. They applaud him politely, but mainly for the machines.

What Nicklaus would do some year to evoke sympathy perhaps is approve a Masters scorecard with a mistake on it and blow a championship. Had a boom



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Jack who did what Roberto De Vicenzo did in 1968, he would have a whole new image, the Rules of Golf would still be under siege, and the tournament committee would be hiding out in Pueblo, Colo.

Last year's Masters should have been filed away as one of the most dazzling ever played. Just about anyone in town who owned a set of clubs was in the thick of it all four days. Starting the final round, for instance, no fewer than 51 men were three strokes apart, and going into the last nine holes at least six players were still seriously in contention. When the day appeared to be over, the following results had been produced: 22 players had broken par and 21 had finished under the par of 288 for the championship, nine more than ever before.

Horizon of all were two men who had been, possibly, the least considered as potential Masters winners: Roberto De Vicenzo, a carefree, if elderly, Latin; and Bob Goalby, a plodding veteran of the PGA tour whose often brilliant golf was

becoming less frequent. Roberto plucked in a nine-iron at the 1st hole for an eagle 2 and birdied the next two holes, getting off to the kind of start municipal hustlers enjoy when they're betting the trailer rent. Ever smiling and looking at times quite astonished, he birdied the 8th as well, and came through the first nine in 31, Goalby stayed close with a 33.

Both players kept it up on the back nine. Roberto, with a par on 18 for a record-tying 64, bogeyed the hole for a 63 and a 277 total. Discouraged by his bogey but excited by his prospects of winning anyway, he hurriedly signed his scorecard and sat down by the 18th green to watch Goalby.

Goalby needed a par at 18 for a 66 that would tie him with De Vicenzo. He got it with a career two-iron from a hook lie that scored 230 yards, fading perfectly onto the green for an easy two putts. Both men were at 277. Playoff on Monday.

What no one knew at the time except the Masters officials, and, by now, De

Vicenzo, was that even as Goalby played the 18th Roberto had lost a stroke through bookkeeping. Tommy Aaron, his playing companion for the day, had accidentally marked down a 4 instead of a 3 at the 17th hole on his scorecard, a 35 instead of a 34 for the last nine and a 66 instead of a 65 for the round. And Roberto had approved the card. The Rules of Golf state that a player's card stands as he approves it. If the score is too high, that's what he gets. If it is too low, he's disqualified.

Most of the Rules of Golf, of course, were written for the days when men played in heavy tweed suits, smoked pipes on their downings and were galled mostly by shepherders. But there was nothing anyone could do about it, least of all De Vicenzo, who would only say, "What a stupid I am," or poor Bob Goalby, who became a Masters champion in the most unlikely of ways since Gene Sarazen's double eagle knocked everyone off the clubhouse porch. **END**



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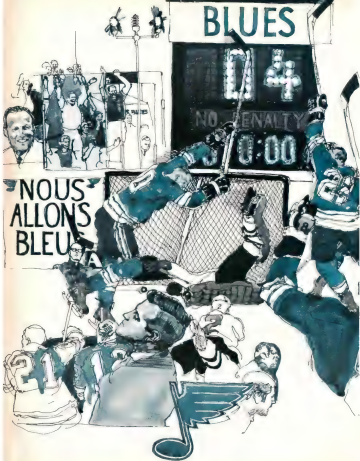
BLUES

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AN ICY LOVE-IN WITH THE RED-HOT BLUES

Proud old St. Louis has flipped over its hockey team. Pampered by the owners—who are real sweethearts—and flinging kisses in return, the Blues begin a run at the Stanley Cup **by GARY RONBERG**



SECRET AGENT in the Arena effort for Stan Musil, French-language player for French-speaking Blues, cool Coach Scotty Bowman and Original Norm Kravitz pumping adrenaline.

Though he never lived to discover the difference between a hockey puck and a lacrosse stick, Pierre Lucille Ligust—the French fur trader who founded St. Louis 205 years ago—would be a Blues fan today. Everybody living with in a long slap shot of the Arena at 5700 Oakland Avenue is a Blues fan today, from that Taba couple who just bought season tickets to that nice man, Stan, who owns the restaurant up the street. The Blues, who frolicked off with the National Hockey League's West Division championship, are St. Louis today, as much so as the *Post-Dispatch*, W. C. Handy's namesake song, *El Brûler* and beer. Pierre Lucille Ligust would be a Blues fan all right; he'd have a pair of seats for sure, somewhere in the Parquet.

As the Stanley Cup playoffs got under way this week, tickets were as hard to find in St. Louis as Detroit Tiger fans. But that is only typical of the whole season. The Blues averaged 14,155 for 38 home games, 26 of which were sell-outs. Already about 12,000 of the Arena's 14,500 seats belong to season ticket holders, and there just aren't enough of those penthouse boxes to go around. (Anheuser-Busch, Dempsey-Tegelen, Faltuff and Southwestern Bell Telephone, to name just a few boxholders, are in at \$2,500 a year.) The Arena is a fashion showcase for St. Louis women in sable and mink, Givenchy and Dior, their escorts in very fine threads. "We come to see the fashions," says Mrs. A. J. Gals, a lady of taste. "Those boys are so strong, well, you just know they can take care of themselves."

Blues fans would jump off the Gate-

way Arch for their team and vice versa; there isn't another crowd in the NHL quite like this one. Pumped up by a silver-jacketed organist named Norm Kravitz (whose technique has been scooped by Philadelphia and Pittsburgh), the crowd is in a froth even before the Blues take the ice. When the players appear at last, Kravitz swings into the *St. Louis Blues*, and the crowd comes to its feet. If the pace of the game is slow, Kravitz often pounds his left hand on the bass keys and his feet on the pedals in a plea for action. In this atmosphere the Blues have become a phenomenal third-period team, outscoring the opposition 72 goals to 40. Thirteen times this year they have come back either to tie or win in the final period, three times in the last five minutes. At home the Blues lost only eight of their 38 games.

"That crowd is worth a goal a game to us," says Scotty Bowman, the team's coach and general manager. "One night in Chicago we lost 3-1 but played a good third period. I have to believe that if we're home, in front of our fans, somehow we tie 2-2."

The Blues' scene is a love feast. Love flows down from the owners, Sidney Salomon Jr. and his son Sid III, and back up to them. Three years ago the Arena was aromatic of livestock shows. Today, after a \$2.5 million refurbishing by the Salomons, it is second in splendor only to the Los Angeles Forum. There is an Arena Club, done in Old English, with burnished wood furnishings, low lights and thick red carpeting, while out in the seats there is a hockey "feel" to the building; the sight lines are excellent. The Blues' ice-making machine is

continued

one of the few that doesn't leave tracks—it is driven over a red carpet before it reaches the ice.

The Salomons' tender loving care notoriously extends to the Blues' players. Any man who does something to enhance the team's name—scores three goals in a game, makes the All-Star team, plays a major role in a key victory—gets a gold wristwatch. Not any gold wristwatch, mind you, but a \$750 Patek Philippe, thin as a half dollar. Last Nov. 7, Gordon (Red) Berenson (see cover) went a little wild, scoring six goals in a game with the Philadelphia Flyers. For this extraordinary feat, the Salomons presented Berenson with a 1989 Chevrolet station wagon with a canoe on top and a Browning 20-gauge shotgun inside. "In New York or Montreal," said Red, who has played for both cities, "all you'd get would be a handshake."

Last spring there was a highly publicized trip to Florida—players and wives, 10 days, all expenses paid. The Blues loved it, of course, but there was some out-of-town grouching. "I think the Salomons are on very thin ice with

that kind of stuff," said George (Punch) Imlach, coach and general manager of the Toronto Maple Leafs. "I'm sure Scotty Bowman, as coach, thinks it's great because it makes his job easier when he has a happy, motivated team. But from a management point of view it's bad. It puts every other club in the league in an impossible competitive position—a position we shouldn't have to be in. After all, I'm not allowed to call my players together and say, 'You win tonight and I'll give you \$5,000 to split among yourselves.' That just isn't permitted, and I'm afraid the Salomons are getting very close to just the type of thing the league wants to avoid."

"I can see it creating problems for the rest of us, all right," says Red Kelly, coach of the Los Angeles Kings. "Maybe a fellow will score six goals and want to know where his new car is. You tell him he doesn't get a new car, and he says, 'Trade me to St. Louis.'"

All this makes the Salomons wince. "I think Mr. Imlach owes us an apology," says Sid Jr. "We're not trying to tell or show anyone else how to

run their clubs. We paid \$2 million for this franchise and we're entitled to run it the way we please—provided we stay within the league rules, as we have done. Hockey is business, and we're only following the same formula we've used for years in the insurance business—treating people the way we like to be treated. There are a lot of insurance agents working for us who could make 15% or 20% more with somebody else, but they stay with us. They're happy with us."

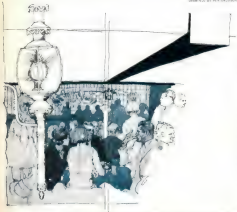
"Look," says Sid III. "Dad and I own a hotel in Florida. It's half empty in May. Dad and I are sports fans. We like athletes and we like to be around them. We enjoy golfing and fishing together, just taking it easy. We're going to Florida again this spring. We told the players back in November that we'd be going even if we finished last."

It is ironic that the Salomons, who have turned out to be the NHL's most generous owners, got their franchise only through the indirect aid of Chicago Owner Bill Wirtz, who is not notably spend-thrift. Wirtz and his father, Arthur, along with the late Jim Norris, had owned and lost money on the St. Louis Arena since the 1940s. When the NHL decided to expand to 12 teams in 1966, the Wirtzes saw an opportunity to unload the Arena once and for all. The owners of the NHL's six established teams are unusually close; before long all were pushing for a franchise in St. Louis, the owner of which would have to purchase the Arena. The price—\$4 million—and the dilapidated state of the building frightened off every prospective owner except the Salomons.

Sidney Salomon Jr. is 56, soft-spoken and unsmiling the year around. While amassing a fortune in insurance he became a Democratic Party bigwig, helping get Harry Truman on FDR's 1944 ticket. When the Blues are home he is down in the team's carpeted dressing room, talking hockey like a farmer from Fila Flon. Sid Salomon Jr. is a sports fan; one of the few bad investments he ever made was in the old St. Louis Browns baseball team.

Sid III is 30 and equally tanned but not so soft-spoken. He even dresses with exuberance, favoring cashmere sport jackets, silk ties and shiny buckle loafers with square toeclacker toes. Sid III attended the University of Miami, then joined his father's firm and has never

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IN 1967, LIGHTED STADIUM ARENA WAS REBORN BY LOUWAGE OF TWO

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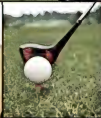
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In the past eight seasons, "The Stilt" has stuffed it, swished it, dunked it and hit for a record total of 23,332 points. He's toppled long-standing marks right and left, coming up with most points per single game (100), most points in one season (4,029 in '61-'62), and rebounds per game (55).

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failed to sell \$1 million worth of insurance in a year. Like his father, Sid III is a sports fan, and it was at his urging that the Salemons eventually bought the Blues.

"My son had been after me for six years to buy into hockey," Sid Jr. recalls. "I was interested but I didn't want the responsibilities of a majority owner—I still remembered the 280 people who came out to watch our Browns play one day. As for hockey, I said all along I'd be happy to come in as a minor investor, say 10%." Then, one Saturday morning when we were in Florida, one of our friends called and said if nobody came forward pretty soon St. Louis wasn't going to have a hockey team at all. I looked at my son, he looked at me and we decided to try for it.

"I wasn't afraid of the Arena. I've lived in St. Louis all my life and I was thoroughly familiar with the place. All it needed was a little fixing up. We ran a quick appraisal on it and found it to be a good buy at \$4 million, if only for the land on which it stood."

On April 5, the Salemons, along with their lawyer and public-relations man, were notified in the Plaza Hotel in New York that the St. Louis franchise was theirs. "The committee had asked us to say a few words to the press, who were waiting outside," says Sid Jr. "It was a Monday night and, being an ex-spokeswriter, I knew news would be pretty scarce for the next day. I said, 'Gentlemen, we only have two or three minutes, but it would be to our advantage if we could name this team right now. Nobody else has come up with a name, and those fellows out there need something to write about.'

"We started kicking names around fast—mostly space names, like Mercury and Apollo, things like that, since McDonnell Aircraft is the biggest employer in the state. Nothing clicked. It was time to go outside. Then it hit me, I said, 'What about the Blues—the St. Louis Blues?' It had a great identity with the city and it gave us an instant theme song. It was a natural. We all liked it, but then our lawyer, Jim Cullen, said, 'Sid, you could be asking for a lawsuit. I think we should clear it with the Hardy estate first.'

"Tom," I said, 'if that's the way your mind reacts, then we've got to use the Blues. The publicity surrounding a lawsuit like that would be priceless.' So we

went out and told everybody that the last city to get a team was the first to have a name for it, and the next day papers all over the country had headlines like, THE BLUES ARE HEREIN, THE BIRTH OF THE BLUES, ST. LOUIS IS BLUE AGAIN."

"They needed a play-by-play announcer for this year," says Gus Kyle, the club's sales director and radio-TV color man. "So Sid III took off last spring, and do you know who he came back with? Dan Kelly, who did the Canadian Broadcasting Company's telecasts of the Montreal Canadiens. Dan may be the best play-by-play announcer in hockey."

"When we're on the road, I'm not required to get the team up in hotels where we get a rate," says Scotty Bowman.



OWNERS Sid Salemon Jr. and Sid III have been generous—to a fault, say some annoyed rivals.

"The Salemons believe the players should stay where you get a feel of the city you're in. In Los Angeles we stay at the Ambassador and in Boston, the Sheraton-Boston. And whenever we're on the Coast, Mr. Salemon wants me to take the players out to dinner at some real nice restaurant. The players still get their meal money—the dinner's on Mr. Salemon."

The highly motivated Blues have made Scotty Bowman a celebrity around St. Louis. And, since he is dark-haired, good-looking and still a bachelor at 35, female Blues fans also have their motivations. One night when Bowman was a guest on a radio talk show a woman called in and said, "Scotty, I just wanted to say how much we all love you and the Blues. We hope you're happy here and that you'll stay forever. So a

few of us girls are going to get together and find you a nice St. Louis girl to marry. That way you'll be completely happy."

The Blues depend heavily on three players—Gordie Glenn Hall and Jacques Plante and Center Berenson, whom fans have nicknamed The Red Baron. Hall, 37, was sensational last season, keeping the Blues close to the Canadiens in a winning battle for the Stanley Cup, and over the summer Bowman got Plante from the New York Rangers. Plante, 44, was one of the great goalies during the 1950s. He retired in 1965 because his wife was ill, but last June he let it be known that he wanted to make a comeback. Bowman promptly drafted him—so gaffaws four coaches who considered Plante too old. Now it's Bowman who is laughing.

Dividing time equally this year, Hall and Plante became one of the finest goal-tending teams in NHL history. They each had a flock of shutouts and won the league's Vezina Trophy, awarded annually to the team giving up the fewest goals. Bowman refuses, by the way, to play Plante against his old team, Montreal, and Hall, a former Black Hawk, against Chicago. "Why give those clubs any reason to get fed up when they play us?" he says.

Yet perhaps Bowman's most significant job has been keeping both goalies apart in style and temperament—operating compatibly. On a club with a less forceful coach their differences might have resulted in chaos. Hall is quiet and reserved, merely doing the job he is paid to do; Plante does his job, too—but he is a showman, even a ham at times, and he loves the fans' adulation. Bowman, by toning down Plante and building up Hall, has successfully explored the competition between the two while keeping both men happy.

Hall and Plante keep 'em out: Berenson pops 'em in. He is fair-skinned, a pair of high cheekbones giving his face a gaunt, drawn, almost undernourished look. He wears his red hair in a long brush cut and is much like Hall in manner. Berenson graduated from the University of Michigan with a business degree in 1961, which got him his first nickname: The Intellectual. In Montreal and New York there were always centers ahead of him—Jean Beliveau, Henri Richard, Jean Ratelle and Phil Goyette. Skating mostly as a penalty killer, Berenson scored only 30 goals in his first

continued



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RED-HOT BLUES *continued*

six seasons in the NHL. Bowman, however, had never forgotten the 23 goals Berenson once scored in 30 games for the Hull-Ottawa team. In November 1967 he swapped Ron Stewart to the Rangers for Berenson, even-up.

With Berenson leading the way, the Blues leaped from last place to third and into the playoffs for that exciting struggle with Montreal. This year, combining long, flowing strides with a hard, deceptive shot, Berenson led his division in scoring. Indeed, he has become the West's first superstar.

Berenson, Plante and Hall are the crowd pleasers on a team otherwise rather dull to watch—for two periods, anyway. Bowman has the Blues playing a highly disciplined, well-organized game, the wings going up and down the boards as if on a track, the defensemen careful not to be caught up-ice. Most of the forwards are just good, cherub-faced youngsters who can skate and check. The defense, led by Doug Harvey (hitting), 44, Al Arbour, 36, and Jean Guy Talbot, 36, sets the tempo of the game—and race-horse hockey it isn't.

The Blues feel Hall or Plante can stop the initial shot of an attack—regardless of who shoots—so they concentrate on sweeping away the rebound. "We feel if we can go into the third period no worse than a goal behind, we have a pretty good chance to win," says Bowman. "So we play it cozy through the first two periods and—if necessary—take our chances in the third."

Without the Salomons, of course, there would be no Glenn or Jacques in town, no Scotty, no Red Baron. "It is like a dream," says Jacques Plante. "I still cannot believe this is really happening to me. These men are so much like one of us. With other teams there is a wall between the owners and the players. That is not true here. These men have money and they aren't afraid to spend some of it on us. They are interested in us not just as hockey players, but as human beings. They want to know what we feel, what we think, what our problems are. So we put out cards for them. In sports you always try to give 100 percent, but sometimes it is very hard. Maybe you are hurt or sick or just tired. You think maybe you cannot make it tonight. But then you think about these wonderful men and you say, 'I will try it tonight and see how I feel.'"

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Lady Bird Johnson, on a recent visit to Washington, reported that the former President is in pretty good shape. He has been dieting and swimming and his weight is down, but so far he has not made it to the golf course. "He says he's waiting for sunny weather and someone he's sure he can beat."

★ **Charley Britt**, once a defensive back for the 49ers, Vikings and Rams, has just made his ballet debut, partnering **Kristin Nelson** (Arlene's Toot Harmon's eldest daughter) in a performance of *La Création*. Britt has done some acting, but ballet is new to him. His role in *La Création* was that of *Living Sculpture*, a relatively understanding one, as the naive sculptor, but he rehearsed patiently for a month and a half, and will dance whenever the newly formed Ballet Society of Los Angeles performs the ballet again. "It is surprising how interested you can

get in ballet," he has said. "I consider it a sport. It's strenuous, and there is nothing effeminate about it. It's really like football, a little, except you have to point your toes."

It certainly is a surprise to hear the word "fun," meaning a fondness for baseball, used in connection with **Billy Rand**. It was spring in Florida, however, and Miss Rand appropriately recalled that she and **Casey Stengel** had attended the same high school in Kansas City, Mo. "Of course, he was ahead of me," she was careful to point out, "but after World War I he came back for some time to go to dental school, and I dated him." Miss Rand then offered her predictions for the coming baseball season. In the National League the Dodgers are going to win in the western division and St. Louis in the eastern; in the American League it will be the Angels in the West, the Yankees in the East; and the Dodgers are going to beat the Angels for the pennant.

Miss Rand's great expectations for the eastern division of the American League may cheer the new Bishop of Albany, N.Y. In an interview he gave the other day **Bishop Edwin Hoesnick** spoke briefly of his days as a pitcher for various seminary teams around the Bronx, and of his current baseball interests he said, "I'm still a Yankee fan, and God knows that's a hard thing to be these days."

★ Whatever "... all the rights, privileges, preeminences, immunities and advantages to the degree of baron" may be these days, they belong now to **Laurie Constantine**. As a young man Constantine was one of the world's best cricketers, but it is for his work in race relations that he has just been installed



as the first black member of England's House of Lords. The new Baron Constantine of Masoval in Trinidad and Tobago and of Nelson in the County Palatine of Lancashire has been in the best of health lately and doesn't plan to commiserate on cricket matches this year as he did last. "I follow with interest Rugby, football, tennis and boxing," he says, "and together with being rector of St. Andrews [Scotland] University, a member of the Race Relations Board and a governor of the BBC, I keep pretty busy."

Houston heavyweight **Dave Zyglawicz** is scheduled to fight **Joe Frazier** next month, and it has been suggested that if he wins he should capitalize on his fame by opening a chain of hot-dog stands. But what do you call a hot-dog stand if your name is Zyglawicz? The choice has narrowed down to Ziggly Wiggly or Ziggly's Piggies.

As the story went, society writer and animal lover **Cleveland Amory** was golfing with **Wynne Norman Cousins** at the Dorado Beach Hotel in Puerto Rico

when he hooked a tee shot which headed for a winter hazard, only to be saved when it bounced off a stray dog. Then alerted to the problem of stray dogs in Puerto Rico, Amory was supposed to have approached San Juan's Mayor **Carlos Romero Bosc** and Governor **Luis Ferri** to enlist their aid in raising money for a shelter. The latter bit is true. As for the former, Cousins says, not quite true. Amory saw the stray wandering, sick, along a highway, picked it up and smuggled it into his hotel room, nursed it back to health and took it home to New York. "If Cleveland had hit a dog on the course," Cousins said, "he would have thrown away his clubs and gone down on his knees to ask for forgiveness, and he would never have played golf again."

Actress **Eileen Heckart** has purchased some quilted *Martha* costumes from the Stratford (Conn.) American Shakespeare Festival Theatre. She plans to use them for ski jackets.

President Nixon may have shown little interest in splashing around his own pool (51, March 31), but Prime Minister **Trudeau** of Canada was positively eager. He arrived at the White House at 3:15, and for two hours he and **Red Williams** swam laps, showered, took sauna baths and were massaged, all in all a very healthy way to spend what is ordinarily the cocktail hour in Washington, D.C.

In a recent interview **Mrs. Be Delinsky** revealed, to no one's particular astonishment, that she hasn't cooked a meal since her marriage last fall. "I'm not the domestic type," former *Playboy* Playmate **Jo Collins** explained, and added, "He runs the whole household if you have to get up and cook."



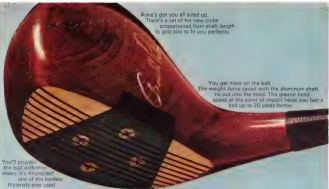


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So they went to Arnold Palmer.

Now there's nothing new about pro de-

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He plays the game like nobody else.
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You didn't lose a bottle of Chivas;
you gained a few friends.

There was a lot of bitter grumbling around Long Beach, Calif., early this year when Mark Spitz, the world's greatest teen-age swimmer, announced that he was leaving Long Beach State College to attend Indiana University. The loud-mouth complaints came from Long Beach Coach Don Garbner, and quite naturally so, since Indiana lusting after Spitz was roughly comparable to UCLA getting Lew Alcindor.

The reason he chose Indiana, Spitz said, was because he wants to be a dentist and everyone knows that IU's dental school is almost as good as its swimming team. As Indiana Coach James E. Counsellman said after Spitz was safely in Bloomington, "I told him one of the happiest days in my life will be when I say, 'Dr. Spitz, take a look at my teeth.'"

Spitz should only hope he pulls teeth as well as he swam last week while making his varsity debut in the NCAA championships in IU's 25-yard pool. The warm-blooded freshman from Santa Clara, Calif. (he wore gloves while not swimming) won three events: the 200- and 500-yard freestyle and the 100-yard butterfly—set two American records and trained with Olympic hero Charlie Hickcox to lead Indiana to its second straight national title. (No world records were broken at Bloomington; they can only be set in 50-meter pools.) Spitz's performance stirred Counsellman to utter one of his panegyrics: "Mark is the greatest natural swimmer I've ever seen."

And what about poor old Don Garbner? Was he sitting in some Bloomington tap, crying in his beer? Not exactly. Garbner was busy unveiling a freshman son of his own—Hans Fasnacht, a native of Mannheim, West Germany, who broke American records in the 400-yard individual medley and the 1,650-yard free.

Of course, Fasnacht's performances had nothing at all to do with the outcome of the meet, which was foreordained. So many talented swimmers have found their way to Bloomington that Counsellman's biggest worry before the NCAAAs was not whether IU would win, but who to put on the 18-man squad allowed for championship meets. "Having this team," said one Indiana fan, "is like having an atomic bomb while

everyone else just has a water gun."

The bomb went off on schedule, and all the psyching-up, shaving-down and tapering-off in the world couldn't have stayed it. Even with the usually reliable Hickcox getting upset in the 100-yard backstroke, the Indiana swimmers won seven of the 16 swimming events, while their splendid divers—Jim Henry, Win Young and Jon Hahnfeldt—swept the top three places in the one-meter and only failed to repeat in the three-meter because Hahnfeldt gashed his right heel during practice and watched the trials on crutches.

So, come Saturday night, after the Hoosiers had scored a record 423 points to beat runner-up Southern California by a 121-point margin, there was Counsellman, entirely clad in red all the way down to his silk underwear, being thrown into the water by his swimmers. "After we won last year I said we had the greatest team ever assembled," he said when he emerged. "Now I've got to say this team is the best ever."

Undoubtedly, the NCAA handed the championship to Indiana when it decided that freshman athletes could compete in all varsity sports except football and basketball. "We probably could have won without the freshmen," Counsellman said, "but we would have been fighting for our lives." Indiana used five freshmen, including Spitz, and all of them scored points. Among Indiana's main rivals, the rule strengthened USC and Stanford, but it hurt Yale, which couldn't use freshmen because the Ivy League typically withheld its approval.

While Spitz was famous enough, even notorious, Fasnacht needed an introduction. The son of a police inspector, he was an undistinguished member of West Germany's Olympic team, finishing no higher than sixth in three events. Garbner saw something that everyone else overlooked, however, and invited him to enroll at Long Beach. When he flew over from Germany in December, Fasnacht weighed 207 pounds, but he quickly trimmed down to a solid 180. He also improved his speed and stroke enough that insiders gave him a chance against Spitz in their preliminary heat in the 500 Thursday afternoon.

Twice, in the heat and again in the final that night, Spitz and Fasnacht

SWIMMING / William F. Read Jr.

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Five Indiana freshmen, including a happy and record-breaking Mark Spitz, helped IU win the NCAAAs



LONG BEACH FROTH FASNACHT SWIMS

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SWIMMING

matched stroke for stroke. Fainstach's stroke was not as pretty as Spitz's, which swimmers tend to regard the same way baseball fans do Ted Williams' swing, but Fainstach compensated with conditioning and a fierce stubbornness. They were so close at the finish of the heat that Fainstach had flashed a few victory signs before finding out that Spitz had won. Each was clocked in 4:33.2, almost four full seconds better than the American record. They repeated their act in the final, Spitz winning with a 4:33.48 to Fainstach's 4:33.57.

While Spitz was fighting off Fainstach, Hickson was sitting in a corner of the dock, psyching up for the 200 IM. Still a little weak from a severe cold, he had to worry about beating Michigan's Juan Bello, an Olympian from Peru who had upset him in the Big Ten championships. "I'll be ready when it comes the moment," Hickson had said at the time. Good as his word, he beat Bello by a tenth of a second.

On Friday, October 3, 56's coach Vester Doland looked up at the scoreboard, which read Indiana 120, USC 71, and shook his head. "That," he said, "is the most points we ever scored on the first day, including the five years we won it, and we're still behind." USC didn't catch Indiana but Friday night's Snak didn't lack excitement. Stanford's John Ferris did a 1:49.6 in the 200 fly, yet another American record. Spitz normally would have competed in this race, but Counsilman saved him to swim against Bello and USC's Frank Heckl in the 200 free, which was fine with Ferris. "Without Mark in there, everything was great," he said. "I usually worry about him too much. This time I just swam as fast as I could and let them try to catch me."

Spitz made Counsilman's strategy look good when he won the 200 free in 1:39.5, bettering by a full second the American record he set last year at Santa Clara High. Indiana then finished 1:24 in the 100-yard breaststroke. The winner, Don McKenzie, had shaved his head and he said this may have helped him set a new American record of 58.3. "Besides," he said, "I don't go for this long hair anyway." But McKenzie's performance didn't please Counsilman quite as much as that of the fourth-place finisher, a big, blond freshman named Jim Counsilman Jr.

The meet's first big upset, and Indiana's first big disappointment, came

continued



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SWIMMING continued

when Stanford's Fred Haywood gave Hickox his first championship defeat in the 100 back. Missing two turns and hanging into the lane markers throughout the last lap, Hickox finished in 52.46 to Haywood's 52.44.

One event without a record was a long dry spell, so it was up to Faustaich to get the crowd back on its feet. He did just that in the 400 IM, finishing in 4:07.7 to break the American record. Said Hans, "I hope I can go faster."

In Friday night's finale, the 800 free-style relay, Indiana broke the American record by half a second with a 6:56.3, but USC's team of George Watson, Mark Mader, Greg Charlton and Heckl swam a 6:48.5. The most amazing leg of all was Spitz's anchor. Trading by almost three body lengths at the start, Spitz seemed to lift himself right on top of the water and narrowed the gap to scant inches at the finish. "I never saw anyone who can turn it on like he can," said Cozziselman, who, despite Indiana's huge lead, was so wound up that he slipped back to the pool at 3 a.m. for a solitary dip in the dark.

Seemingly as fresh as he was when he nearly upset Spitz, Faustaich got the final night started with his awe-inspiring performance in the 1,500. Only a year ago UCLA's Mike Barrow broke the 16-meter barrier, and swimming buffs predicted that his record would be around for a while. Faustaich swam a 15:54.2, lopping more than five seconds off it. Said Hans, "I feel pretty good now."

The 200-yard backstroke, besides being Hickox's last individual event for Indiana, also gave him an opportunity to settle up with Haywood. Hickox opened a big lead midway through the race and kicked hard to finish in 1:53.6, an American record, while Haywood was a badly beaten fourth. "I wanted to set the record for Doc," Hickox said, "especially after last night."

No sooner was the final race over than McKenzie rang a dinner bell and the entire Indiana team leaped off the five-meter board, including none other than Mark Spitz.

Spitz came to Indiana with the well-documented reputation of being a spoiled brat, a misfit and a loner, but he seems to be growing up. "He fights for the team as much as he does for himself now," said Cozziselman, "and the kids all like him. He's actually learned to smile and laugh."

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Whammo is the winning way

Iowa State won the championship while Jess, Jeff and John, a big trio, showed that heavyweights no longer shove their weight around

Gone are the days — and good riddance — when collegiate heavyweight wrestlers could win by shoving their considerable weight around. Now they are deep of chest rather than round of belly, and they are some swift. Nowhere was this metamorphosis more evident than at last week's NCAA championships at Brigham Young University in Provo, Utah.

In the past there were usually just one or two good heavies at the NCAA's, but in Provo there was a bunch. The three top seeds were No. 1 Jess Lewis of Oregon State, 6' 1", 230; No. 2 Jeff Smith of Michigan State, 6' 4", 245;

and No. 3 John Ward of Oklahoma State, 6' 4", 245; and Jess, Jeff and John put on a performance that showed that, as in boxing, the biggest is best.

Jeff came to Provo with a black smudge under his right eye from a salvo that covered a 10-stitch wound he got in a workout. "He looks," said Jess, "like a Tareyton smoker." Lewis also had some comments about his own nose, which is partially flattened and has a number of twists and turns, including a Seal 90° hook to the left. Said Jess: "My nose was born funny. Then I hurt it and it never did get straightened out.

People accuse me of looking north and sneering south."

Jess Lewis, who was an All-America tackle at Oregon State as a junior, began wrestling on the family farm in Astoria, Ore. (pop. 150). "It started with barnyard wrestling against my brothers—Jerry, Jim and Ed," he said. "I had to be careful not to smart off around them because they were all older and bigger than me. Working long hours in the fields helped my endurance. Laying irrigation pipes and pitching bales of alfalfa that weigh 40, 50 pounds built me up.

"Some wrestlers spend the first couple minutes of each match feeling out their opponent to find out what kind of moves he has. Not me. I like to go out, whammo, and be aggressive."

Jeff Smith is a senior from Bellflower, Calif., the home of another heavyweight contender—Boxer Jerry Quarry. Jeff figured he had to be careful not to get ahead of anyone 12-0. "Every time I get in from 12-0, I lose," he said. "In a



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high school championship match I led 12-0 and I threw a golfstone on my mat. I leaned back to tighten up on him...and...and...got...pinned...on...my shoulders to the mat. At the Olympic Trials last year I was ahead 12-0 in my first match when I delirated my elbow.

"Basically I'm a loner on the day of a match. If I'm at home, I tell my wife to go shopping. If I talk too much before a match I mess up my mind. Sharon's been in Provo. You can always hear her when I'm wrestling. She's the one with the squeaky voice."

John Ward, who plays tackle for Oklahoma State, spent last summer as a guide at Crystal Lake of their hometown in Oklahoma. "I had a lot of free time, so I brought along 700 pounds of weights and worked out with them," he said.

Jew, Jeff and John each had ample reason to believe he would be the new heavyweight champion. "I learned a lot at the Olympics," said Jew, who placed sixth in the freestyle. This year he was 17-0 with 14 pins. "I haven't lost all season," said Jeff, who had won 19 straight. "I'm stronger," said John.

Then it was time to stop talking and start wrestling. Jew went out and, what's more, began tossing 250-pound opponents around like so many bales of alfalfa. He pinned his first man in exactly one minute, his next in 53 seconds and his third in 7:14. Jeff didn't wobble long enough to build up any 12-0 leads and Sharon squeaked with delight as he pinned three men in 6:08. John won his first three matches easily.

That moved all of them onto the semis and meant that at least one wouldn't survive. This turned out to be John, who was caught in a cradle hold by Jeff and pinned in 3:42. "That's the first time I've ever been pinned," said John.

Meanwhile, Jew took on fourth-seeded Kern Gibson of Northern Iowa. Jew scored five takedowns—a rarity in the weight class—as he won 17-4, which set up a showdown between Law and Smith for the championship.

Before a packed house of 7,200, Jew

beat Jeff 6-1. His win enabled Oregon State to edge Michigan State for third place, 58-57. First place went to Iowa State, a new 18 Big Ten member in 1990. The Cyclones had three individual champions. Dan Gable at 137 pounds, Jason Smith at 167 and Chuck Jean at 177. Gable (51, March 24) ran his winning streak to 144 by pinning all five of his men. He also earned the two highest awards of the meet—for the most pins and for being the outstanding wrestler.

Iowa State scored the most points in the history of the NCAAAs, 104 to runner-up Oklahoma's 69. Oklahoma State squeaked its worst performance ever, finishing sixth, one point behind Cal Poly. "Sometimes," said Sooner Coach Tommy Evans, "Oklahoma and Oklahoma State get so intent upon beating each other that we forget about the others. But Iowa State deserved to win. Those boys really wrestled." So, too, did Jew, Jeff and John. **END**

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Montreal and the golden Ruel

Winning the East title, Coach Claude Ruel and the Canadiens did unto Boston in the season's biggest game what the team habitually does unto all

There is a folk song that has been loved in Quebec for many years. It always breaks out on hockey night in the Montreal Forum moments after the Canadiens have put yet another game on ice. A hoarse fan up in the balcony will cup his hands to his mouth and shout: "*Les Canadiens sont là!*" to the red-shirted players far below, and as others chime in a fellow in the mezzanine will pick up his trombone and blow a few bars. As the song spreads through the crowd, the beaming young man sitting at rinkside will turn to his meandering quartet of women and speak out in guffaws and claps her in: "*Où, les Canadiens sont là!*" he will say very impressively. "The Canadiens are there."

There is first place, and this year is no different from so many of the rest. Last Saturday night, in one of the most dramatic games ever played, the Canadiens clinched their 18th league championship with a 5-3 victory over the hard-hitting Boston Bruins, sending a giddy

throng of more than 18,000 singing and laughing out into St. Catherine Street. Forum fans always exult when Montreal wins another championship, but this one had a special flavor to it. Never before had the first- and second-place teams come down to the final weekend to play each other home and home, year place, any place, with the championship still to be won.

Montreal and Boston had been at each other's throats through the entire second half of the season, during which they exchanged first place no less than eight times. On Dec. 26 the Bruins had begun an absolutely ridiculous tear through the league, going unbeaten in 18 straight games and losing but one out of 22. Bouncing the Canadiens out of first place on Jan. 15, Boston went ahead by eight points on Jan. 31, and even the most skeptical Beantown roomers started dreaming of the team's first NHL championship in almost 30 years. The Canadiens, 15-8-1 during the same

THE CHAMPIONS: Jean Beliveau controls puck as Ted Green of Boston makes last-second stop.

period, just could not keep up with the Bruins.

But Bobby Orr got hurt, and even though the Bruins had endured some crippling injuries through their streak they could not keep it up without their incomparable No. 4. There were additional injuries. Boston began to slip. "They say anybody who loses by the sword should expect to die by the sword," teased Coach Harry Sinden one day. "Well, if we didn't let like we do, we wouldn't be where we are."

The Bruins at no time fell more than four points behind, however, and going into Montreal trailed by only three points, which meant they could capture the title by beating the Canadiens twice.

Claude Ruel, the delightful, chubby little Montreal coach, was showing signs of strain. Ruel had taken over a super-team, molded by a distinguished coach, Toe Blake—a team with 10 players older than he (30)—in a town that cannot abide losing.

On Friday Ruel slumped in his tiny cubbyhole of an office near the Canadiens' dressing room. Motoring to a picture on the wall, a color photograph of last year's team, he said, "You give me that team, with nobody hurt, and I will win the championship big, very big, like I am expected to do. This is a great team. But this year I have only four players on that team for a full season: Beliveau, Richard, Tremblay, Lapierre, Harper, they are all hurt. And my two goalies, I am without Gump Worsley and Rogatien Vachon for seven weeks. Our team is so good we should win easy, but every night this year it seems like we are playing a big game. One hundred and one points we have, the record. But still it all comes down to tomorrow night, the biggest game of them all."

On that night, as the Canadiens always seem to do in the big games, they left their coach speechless. In the opening minutes the Bruins appeared terse, especially during a power play with Montreal's Serge Savard off for holding. The Canadiens, led by little Claude Provost, who was to play an outstanding game, killed the penalty and then broke out of their own end fast. Referee Bill Friday's right arm was in the air, up-

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rating a delayed penalty on Boston's Eddie Shack, whom Henri Richard scooped into the Bruins' zone and left the puck for J. C. Tremblay, who whipped a low 50-footer past Gerry Cheevers' glove side.

It was as if somebody had turned over a bucket of red paint in the Boston end; everywhere one looked there were red Montreal jerseys. Two minutes later Jacques Lapierre laced a 40-footer past Cheevers, and at 10:15 Jean Beliveau tumbled in a rebound to make Montreal's lead 3-0.

Back in the second period the Bruins came out flying. With only 21 seconds gone and players colliding and falling in front of and on top of Worleley, Ken Hodge made it 3-1. The Canadiens' John Ferguson scored 46 seconds later on a 2-on-1 break (against Cheevers' glove side), but Boston came right back seconds later to make it 4-2 on Ted Green's screen shot. When the Bruins' John Bucyk scored a minute after that the Canadiens were in deep trouble.

But then "Clash the Track" Shack demonstrated the momentum that might have brought Boston victory. He slammed Richard into the boards and Friday's arm shot up again. The Canadiens had the puck, and before the referee could wave Shack off Eddie had decked J. C. Tremblay. Shack wound up with back-to-back two-minute minors, time enough to settle Montreal down. The Canadiens assumed command once more.

As the crowd chanted down the final seconds, Ruel was going ham on the bench, hugging every player in front of him. When the horn whined he hugged the trainer and then raced out onto the ice, almost falling down five times. "That little guy," John Ferguson said later. "We all wanted to win it for him. He came in here between the second and third periods smoking a cigarette. Claude doesn't smoke, you know."

In the anticlimactic Sunday finale the Bruins won 4-3. Montreal, of course, was favored to win the Stanley Cup playoffs—the Canadiens going against New York in the first round, Boston against Toronto, St. Louis against Philadelphia and Oakland against Los Angeles—and Ruel to reach new pinnacles of anxiety.

"These players, there are no words I can say for them," he said, much moved, after Saturday's game. "I can say no words for this team."

"Let Canadiens and I" will do. **END**

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THE NOT-SO- MELANCHOLY DANE



In the conformist world of tournament tennis, Torben Ulrich is a blithe spirit, a player of fair talent and delightful eccentricities to whom winning and losing mean nothing compared to the ballet of the stroke, the sweet symphony of ball meeting strings

By Mark Kram



For Iron Curtain poets and old hippies lost in a dead time, for misbegotten talents and aesthetes weary of the world, the Chelsea Hotel in New York has long been an erudite stop on the international bohemian railroad. It is a place with an air of faded elegance, a place that has seen much light and much shadow. Thomas Wolfe loosed his mad river of genius there, Brendan Behan's whistled braying shook its halls and it was there that Dylan Thomas ended his death march. It is also the retreat of Torben Ulrich. He is an amateur tennis player, which means he belongs anywhere but in the Chelsea Hotel.

Torben Ulrich, the bearded eternal transient, age 41 and from Copenhagen, has never really belonged anywhere, and won't until he ends up at some lovely Himalayan outpost reaching for enlightenment from a mysterious old Tibetan. He is simply an anomaly in world tennis, a man far removed from the Hilton-by-the-pool idleness, or the striped tents scented with gin and tonic and thick with private-school inflection. "Ulrich," says Gene Scott, long a player on the circuit, "is the game's one great blithe spirit. What is normal for everybody else is not for Torben. He sees everything from upside down."

Such a viewing angle is also helpful for any appreciation of Ulrich, especially

continued

when he suddenly materializes on the small, desolate frozen of winter tennis. The visual patterns seldom change during a year in these towns, and when Ulrich reaches a place such as Salisbury, Md. or Macon, Ga. he is the center of attention. It is almost as if the town, pained by its narrow conventions, has launched a campaign to "Make an Anarchist Feel at Home." It is also obvious he is one with the sidishow imitation, and the faces seem to say: great, but make sure you take him with you when you leave.

"Hey," says a man in Salisbury, "ya hear about Ulrich in Macon last year?"

"No, what happened in Macon?"

"He went to a Holly Roller meetin', you know, a revival."

"Is that right?"

"Yeah," says the man, "He was dyin' to see one of 'em, and you know what happened?"

"No, what hap...?"

"He gets there," says the man, "and aside, the preacher, he's carryin' on somethin' awful. Sayin' all this stuff

about the fires of hell, and askin' what they'd do if the good Lord himself walked in, just upped and walked right in on all them sinners. You know what! Here comes Torben down the aisle. The women turn around, the preacher looks, his eyes poppen'. Know what happened? Five of them women just apped and fainted right on the spot, and the preacher, he's up there hollerin'! Oh, Lawd, oh, Lawd, they're sinners no more."

"Hell, it wasn't five women, it was three," says a friend of the storyteller. "Besides," he adds, "that weren't nothin' to what he done here last year."

"What's that?" he was asked.

"Well," says the friend, "you know they won't let him drive here. They won't give him a courteous car like the rest of 'em git."

"Why? Was he drinkin' and drivin'?"

"No," says the friend, "he don't drink. He don't need to drink. It was just that he was a little mused up, that's all. The cops caught him drivin' on the sidewalk at 3 in the mornin', and so this year they say, real racistlike: Look, we don't mind him drivin' on the sidewalk, but he was ever gonn' the wrong way."

Wrong way or right way, he is a sort of gargoyle in a pretty game played and watched by pretty people. As tennis now slowly and desperately tries to lure the masses, Ulrich is invaluable. He is not among the circus's gauds, but he is its most fascinating, most captivating figure. Win or lose, he provokes reaction and constant comment, the one indispensable vitamin for all sports.

"Tennis is often a faceless operation," says Scott. "Torben brings something extra to it, something that it all too often lacks. It's the sudden, weird things that he does. For instance, there was this recent time in Richmond. There was this girl who was wearing a very short miniskirt. The whole house, including the players, could not keep their eyes off of her. Now, Torben is getting ready to serve when he suddenly freezes in mid-air, then walks over to the stands. Everybody is wondering where he's going. He stops behind the girl and quickly drops a ball down her back. I know of

no other player who has ever coped with a distraction in such a gentle, colorful way. He simply rocked the house."

Ulrich's personal style diverts one from the fact that he has often been among the early victims in tournaments, but just as frequently he somehow manages to become a playable, if not genuine, threat in the big events. Last year at Forest Hills he lost to John Newcombe in the fourth round, but only after leading two sets to love. He did have a stroke of bad luck that day, though. On one vital point a butterfly flew into his face and forced him to volley weakly. "Did the butterfly bother you?" he was asked. Torben thought for a long moment, and then in a soft, dreamy voice he quoted the ancient Taoist Chuang-tzu: "Was I then a man dreaming I was a butterfly, or am I now a butterfly dreaming I am a man?"

So there he was once more at Salisbury last month in the National Indoor, a splendid bet not to survive the early rounds. He came to the little town on the Eastern Shore with only one victory in 1968, that being an amazing caper called the Mentana (Switzerland) International. "Did I win that?" he asked, when the press reminded him of it. Torben went on to reach the semifinals in the National, where he was beaten by the Egyptian El Shafie, whose father lost to Ulrich in the 1968 Davis Cup. Unquestionably, his performance and presence rescued the tournament, which was badly marred by the sudden withdrawal of Arthur Ashe. He certainly did much to mollify an agitated press.

A game of manners and gentility, tennis is often both graceless and styleless. Its high priests, with exceptions, are cerimonious bureaucrats, forever dispensing the worst sort of nonsense. Its players, who demand behavior from an audience, are pompous, rude and often seem on the surface too much like Robert Cohn in *The Sun Also Rises*. At Salisbury, for instance, the players were in good form: the whining was constant, but a Briton named Bobby Wilson was the most inspired. After having been routinely described as "balding and paunchy"—which he was—Wilson flew



PHOTOGRAPH BY TERRY O'BRIEN

continued



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up to the press box eager for combat and reform. America's press, he lamented, had too much bloody freedom.

Wilson succeeded only in barking the press for Ulrich, who had just advanced to the semifinals. Annoyed, the reporters waited for him, but he was quite late in coming to the press trailer next to the dressing room. "He'll be here in a second," said a press aide. Then, trying to lighten the heavy air, he added: "He's taking his hair down." Nobody laughed, and soon Torben entered the trailer, like some tired old monk bringing up the end of a procession. His hair, which he wears in a ponytail on the court, was down. His beard was moist from sweat. His voice, as it always is, was faintly, confessional in tone. He knelt down.

"Sit on the chair, Torben," a reporter suggested.

"No, noooo," said Torben. "I want to be on your level."

"You're not down far enough," someone said.

"How old are you, really?" he was asked. "Forty-one?"

"How old is old?" Torben said. "What is old? Am I 41, or am I 21? Who knows?"

"You're playing well now," a reporter said. "Do you think you will win tomorrow?"

"No, noooo," said Torben. "I will not win. What is winning?"

Granted, the questions and comments were hardly quaking, but he did draw the hostility in the room. He was daunting, charming and—as always—confusing. It was also clear that the result in of little importance to him. Twice during his career he has walked off the court in the middle of a match. Last August in Boston he quit in protest over "inhumane" scheduling, and once long ago in San Francisco he stopped playing when his opponent refused to come lobbing on every return. "I had asked him nicely several times to stop it," says Torben, "but he told me to mind my own business. So I finally just walked off the court. But I was wrong. The late Sidney Bechet [the storied clarinetist who once ruled jazz in Europe] called me to

his room the next day. He was my friend, and he told me that I had behaved badly. He told me that I had to learn patience, that I should have responded to the challenge of the lob, that I should not have embarrassed the other man that way. He was, of course, so right."

Whether it is because of his attitude toward winning or losing ("It is merely an announcement"), or because of his benign manner, Ulrich is also extremely popular among the players on the circuit, all of whom are as different and as alike as parts in a puzzle. They come to this floating fairland of world tennis with their Down Under twangs, samba chatter and old-school-be sophistication, they come like kids skipping toward the carousel on a Sunday afternoon. It is the sound of the calypso that draws them, the promise of a happy time, another life where the nights are lit with Chinese lanterns and filled with thin, wistful music, where the wheel never stops and there is no need to plant your feet and turn to that which the standstill world deems, with reverence, honest toil.

Be a respectable player, and the trip never ends. Get knocked off in too many first rounds, and suddenly there is a man with a badge on his lapel tapping you on the shoulder, or a mailman without any invitations. The one pressure is to stay respectable. In such a life one fights, envies and hates behind a painted smile. Yet no one, neither the eager, insensitive kid nor the veteran, unshaken and conditioned to competition, his ears up for footsteps, eyes out for a teaching job, ever talks of Ulrich with rancor. You might redden at the sight of your name opposite his in the draw and damn "the old man's stamina and touch," or the spin that stops a ball dead, makes it break right or left, or sends it shooting low and deep off the canvas or grass, but you cannot dislike him. And, too, there is always the wish that people did not know Torben was 41, that he did not have flecks of gray in his beard and mane and that the crowd did not have to be with him on every shot, on every call.

"Over the years," says one young player, "it seems he has never lost the key.

When it looks like he is ready to come apart, he comes up with that one big match. He remains respectable."

What keeps an aging athlete, a man with so many other interests, forever on this circuit that never seems to have a beginning or end? Why doesn't he grow weary of this repetitive panorama of changing visits? Money? He does not care for or need money. His mother died a few years ago, and he inherited a small fortune which gives him about 3,000 kroner (\$28) a month. He also writes a jazz column for a Copenhagen daily paper. His expenses are meager, mainly because he lives (with his wife and son) in a house owned by his father-in-law, and the only money he spends is on jazz records.

Can it be, then, that he has always been and is bored, that the travel, the social spin of tinkling glasses, Caribbean breezes and the faces of pretty women shaded by parasols become some sort of narcotic? By nature, Ulrich could never be drawn to this side of tennis. When off the court, he is like a shadow moving across a prairie. He moves quickly, silently and always by himself, usually to some dark, uncharted jazz club or back to his room where he listens to his records. He is rarely sleeping before 4 a.m., and he is seldom awake by 4 in the afternoon—unless he decides to rise early and embark on one of his 12-mile "purification" runs in a nearby park. If it is, it would seem, an unexciting life, but the swing of tennis is not always constant, not tirelessly pulsating for the others, either.

The circuit at times can be quite empty. There is the loneliness of missing connections in Omaha, arriving late and unmet in the stark strangeness of Salisbury, and then the search for the security of bed and board in a stranger's home through the 1 a.m. cellulosic sound of a sleepy voice on the other end of a dime phone call. Or there are the weird, polite introductions to the girls that go with the party, the ones who look and talk and act so much the same that you sometimes find yourself continuing from the middle of a conversation begun three weeks, three tournaments, three girls and

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2,000 miles away. And she looks at you blankly, and smiles:

"Oh, you just left Omaha, didn't you?"

"Yes, I was in Omaha."

"I've never been to Omaha."

"That was my first time in Omaha."

"I bet it's cold in Omaha."

"No, Omaha's not too cold."

Omaha or the Moviera (Switzerland) International, it is all the same to Ulrich. The peripheral things do not move him. He continues to play because the game, like jazz, has become an extension of himself, a thing vital to the understanding of his self. Then there is the feel of the game that he is always so conscious of: the sweet percussion of ball and gut, the beautiful flow and pattern when a point is played out to the full. That feel is certainly evident when

you watch him. He plays a game within a game according to rules he alone understands, to a tune he alone is hearing. It is a muted, delicate kind of style, with odd angles and spins that seem to dull his opponent's pace, with a blueprint that is designed around whenever he is playing. He becomes a part of the game, not a disruptive part, but a part almost like the ball, moving as gracefully, as predictably as the movements of a piece of music. At times, when he is right, you wish that the game was being played in the dark with a luminous ball and rackets just so you could watch the beautiful light patterns.

Ulrich thinks of tennis, and most of all other things, in the "a-language" of music, and he has spent a lifetime trying to see the world and everything in it without distortion. "What is speed?" he says. "Is speed fast or slow? Speed, I sometimes think, is relative to observation. If I am concentrating properly, really seeing, a big serve will be coming at me in slow motion. It is like that with music, too. I don't know what music is anymore. Everything is theater, the dance, traveling, electronic music, athletics. I cannot separate things and say 'this is relative to tennis while that is relative to music.' When I board a plane and listen to the sound of the engines and the wind and the pilot's voice, it is certainly an intense sound, and since all sound can be music, then this is part of the music. But, you see, it is also part of the tennis because I am hearing one tournament and going to another."

With that farawayness in his eyes he stares for a long time, and then continues: "Some years ago a distributor of French steel rackets warned me to endorse and use his product. I tried it and did not like it for one overriding reason, even though I sometimes use one now. The sound of the ball on the strings confused me. It was not the sound that I associated with hitting a tennis ball with a racket. It was something different, and I could not accept it. I could not adjust to having this new sound become a part of my tennis. One of the reasons I did not enjoy playing in Philadelphia [at the Spectrum] had to do

with sound. Because of the size of the arena and several other things, the spectators were deprived of the dramatic sound of tennis. There was a constant buzzing of the people, and there was an aircirculation system which combined with the very soft court surface to muffle the sound of tennis. I'm sure the spectators lost something. They could not get involved personally with a match because they couldn't hear it as well as they should have. It was like watching people make love through a glass but not being able to hear the sound. One must hear the sound of an activity.

"All movement or activity in a certain place can only be best, or ideal, if it is in harmony with the tonic of that place. [The tonic is the keynote sound of the chord.] The tonic changes. It is different if you listen for it in a crowded arena than it is at seaside, for instance. I try to relate that to all the places I am. There is a specific tonic for each place. The tonic for New York is one thing, and it is still another thing for Salisbury. Here in the woodslands I couldn't find my song today. I couldn't relate all my moves to the basic sound of the place. If I had had time before the match today, I might have warmed up in my room slopping rope to some rhythm and blues.

"There is not necessarily more depth to me in music than in tennis or anything. I simply try to do everything as well as I can. Everything is a fitting part of everything else I do. Now you can say that each person needs one area which has more depth for him than any other, but it needn't be anything as intellectual as music. One can find depth in raising cattle or potatoes. But to me nothing is more important than anything else, but nothing is less important, either. All things are a part of everything else.

"When I listen to music, I try to just enjoy it and let the music take over completely. The music will take care of itself and consume my concentration. It takes over and directs me. It is the music which is doing the directing, not me. This happens in tennis, too. The match completely takes me over. If I am in

Bottom: Says she: "I've never been to Omaha."



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ends."



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my groove, the ball will take care of itself, and my movements and thoughts and concentration will be determined and conducted by the ball, not by me. The same is true of music. It is the thing—music, ball—which is the deer, not the person."

Words do not often come so easily to Ulrich. Talking is painful, and writing is a hellish exercise. Once long ago, when he was working in a Copenhagen advertising agency as a copywriter, he failed miserably, mainly because he was impossibly slow and because he had what amounted to a mania for accuracy: before he purchased a typewriter he would write in longhand and count every character to make it all fit. Since then, he has been successful writing satire/essays, which are quite esoteric, and occasionally he covers certain events, like the Yippie Spring Festival of the Pig last year at Grand Central in New York City; it got out of hand, and Ulrich was promptly dispatched through a glass door. He has also written a surrealistic book, which remains unpublished. One paragraph begins: "A humid day towards the end of May 1950 sitting in the tepid shallow coil of my business I am painfully aware in my body sin a force with an intense urge to sing happy little songs. . . ."

His growing disenchantment with words can be identified with that which seems to be at the core of the whole hippie movement, the word revolution. One must feel, must touch his inner self and listen to the sound of life. Look for the emotional experience, let it happen and, as with a Harold Pinter play, do not retire until it is over. Because of his word revolt, Ulrich is often impotent. He is there, and then suddenly he is gone. Like the snow in a Japanese nature poem:

On the plain blossoms I think felt the snow. I wished to gather some, so there you, but it melted in my hands.

Most of all he talks with questions, all of which seem bound remotely to some of the basic koans of Zen: What is Mu? What is the sound of one hand clapping? What is your face before your parents' birth?

Zen, which is highly complex and elu-

sive, has no hard definition, but you might say it is a way of liberation, a way that demands persistent questioning of your impressions, thoughts and feelings. Only the experience counts, and only when one has freed himself from his self, from the idea of "I," and conquered all desires can he achieve real happiness. The koan's object is to liberate the mind, to force the student away from all that "his over experience like a strait-jacket." Mu, which means no or not, is the one great barrier to enlightenment. The interrogation of oneself is intense, and then after many years one might have a flash of understanding, might perceive (the masters say) that Mu is the expression of the living Buddha nature, or: "All is one, one is none, none is all." Then the master, wary of false discovery, will say: "Cut Mu into three parts. Show me Mu on a mountain."

The pursuit is endless, and it is clear that Ulrich began the chase early in life. He attended a suburban public school in Copenhagen, but scholastic achievement was of no import to him. His marks were not good, he ignored the conventions of the school and he often drifted in thought far from classroom work. To many Danes, a practical people, he is no different today. His disregard for the hard realities of life is perplexing, and his disinterest in money is foreign. Torben's wife usually gives him the day's ration of pocket money, but he seldom uses it. He is simply content walking around, hanging around, seeing his friends, playing or just sitting and pondering. He is, the Danes are certain, very odd. Look at the incident, they say, when the Danish policeman stopped Torben while he was driving late one night. The cop, sniffing for the presence of alcohol, stuck his nose into the car. He then suddenly leaped away. The gentleman had bitten his nose.

Existence, though, has not always been so uneventful, or euphoric, for Ulrich. His mother, to whom he was especially close, was part Jewish, and during the Nazi occupation of Denmark she and Torben, then 15, were forced to flee across the sound to Sweden in a fishing boat. The Germans discovered them, shot at the boat and captured all aboard.

Torben and his mother were sent to a Danish concentration camp. "But," says Torben, "my blood wasn't fine enough. I wasn't enough of a Jew for them, so I was released after two weeks." The real reason, it appears, for his sudden release is probably because of Denmark itself, the one country that largely encountered the Jewish genocide. All the Danes claimed to be Jews.

The Danish campaign had been so successful that not even Torben's teacher believed that he had been in a concentration camp. He returned to the school for one day. The teacher started hearing the day's lessons and called on young Ulrich. He said that unfortunately he was not prepared properly because he had been detained by the Germans. Thinking that he was being made to seem like a fool, the teacher bent Torben on the ear, "I took my books and left and I did not return," says Torben. Later he escaped to Sweden where—in a private school—he developed a sharp interest in philosophy and tennis. Then, with the war over, he returned to Denmark. He never did finish high school. His mind had advanced to new frontiers, had begun its search for that song he is always listening for, a song that, like a passing train, is there and then is gone.

The search for himself, through tennis on courts from Rangoon to Salisbury, through jazz in clubs from Paris to Macao, may never end. Nor will he ever be spent like a musician nodding on his horn in the half-light of a dark basement. Perhaps forever by his own mind, he is still serene, content with his aloneness. He is never bored; often he just experiments with his muscle movements, taking, say, 40 minutes to walk up stairs, or 25 minutes to open a door. "It is like slow motion," he says. "I gain knowledge of my body structure, a map of my muscles." Is he, as some think, a put-on? As he sits in the Chelsea, the *Tilman Book of the Dead* open on the bed, one wonders, and then the thoughts somehow quickly fade. He is not a hippie of the contrived strain or, indeed, even a clever vagrant. He is an original—the sound of one hand clapping. ■■■■

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10TH HOLE

so often when it was often called Duke. Instead of submitting to the tafter team, Duke played exactly the same type of ball the Missouri Valley Conference had seen all year. Running, passing, shooting, stealing, Duke showed that a short club, using the proper stance, could beat a tall club. UCLA barely won its game, while poor North Carolina went back to Chapel Hill safely treated by a team that, per man, was six-and-a-half inches shorter. To me, this was basketball as it should be, quick, exciting, explosive. Duke never finished an all too often ignored discussion in the game.

—Tom Izzo

Des Moines

COMMENTARY

Says:

It seems to me that Coker-Perry has hit exactly the right key in his article Go-Go-Slo (March 17). Most blimp stories are written with an air of ridicule and heavy-handed humor, or with a false and unconvincing loyalty, for which we LTA types are notorious. He told the story of the loss of the Navy blimp, including L-R, like it was, which is also rather rare in blimp writings.

I like Perry's words: "The blimp suggests contentment . . . in this frantic day." My compliments for a story well told.

Conrad F. Walters
Captain, USN (ret.)

Lockfield Park, Ariz.

COMMITTEE WORK

Says:

Thanks for being the only one who has put strong's Bob Beane in the proper perspective (*the Position: How's Best to See Him*, March 17). Stubborn, domineering, opinionated, experienced, dedicated, bull-headed, kind, lovable and generous are all words that describe sports dictators like Bob Beane, Vince Lombardi and Avery Brundage. When I was involved in the USSA junior program, I would come out of a meeting with Beane and go walk my head in very cold water to restore my common sense.

He did a great job. It is too bad that his work will be continued by a committee (Barbie Gals in a *Smother of Fire*, March 17). Someone once said that it was a committee appointed to design a horse that came up with the camel. Bob Beane may not be indispensable but, until the Six Association comes up with someone better, he sure is going to appear that way!

Jack Myers

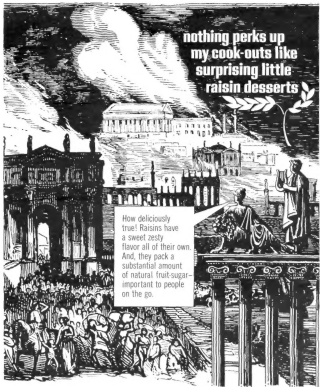
Grayling, Mich.

MINNESOTA ATHLETES

Says:

After reading comments in your magazine to the effect that Minnesota leads the nation in number of athletes in professional football without degree and that Minne-

—continued—



nothing perks up
my cook-outs like
surprising little
raisin desserts

How deliciously
true! Raisins have
a sweet zesty
flavor all of their own.
And, they pack a
substantial amount
of natural fruit-sugar—
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10TH HOLE *Continued*

son's record in graduating blacks is one of the poorest in the nation (SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Feb. 17). I feel you need additional information to present the facts in a fair way.

The only fair way in which Minnesota athletes can be compared is to compare them to the general student population at the university, not with Arizona State, Ohio State or any other college. Academically, our athletic department is doing the job for both white and black athletes. Consider these facts and figures:

1) Last year 98 athletes out of 334 qualified for the Williams Scholarship. A grade-point average of 2.8 (B = 3.0) was needed for qualification.

2) The grade-point average for the university's 1987-88 freshman class was 2.2. For freshman athletes it was 2.478.

3) The university graduates 32% of an entering freshman class. Of the freshman athletes 54% go on to graduate. In 1987-88, 44% of the blacks graduated. The figure for the blacks would be higher except that of those who did not graduate most went on to professional teams. They are free to come back and earn their degrees when they want to.

4) The average student at Minnesota takes two quarters or two-thirds of a school year beyond four years to earn a degree. Therefore, it can be expected that few athletes will graduate in four years. This is not the fault of the athletic department.

5) A full-time certified psychologist provides personal and vocational counseling for all athletes.

6) A study-skills program is given to all freshman student athletes. The program includes help in memory, note-taking, exam-taking, underlining, comprehension, reading rate, vocabulary improvement and spelling.

7) A staff of tutors is available in 17 subject areas to help all athletes.

8) One hundred and eighty-five "M" Club alumni offer on-the-job vocational counseling.

In summary, I don't think it is fair to attack the University of Minnesota's athletic department for not doing the job academically or being biased, as your article implies. If you check our program you will discover that, recently, the local black militants who took over Merrill Hall have recommended that the athletic department's study-skills program be used as a model for the Disadvantaged Student Program. I feel this recommendation speaks for the success of the program.

JAMES C. CARNE
Educational Skills Counselor
University of Minnesota

Minneapolis

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